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The progress of freedom; and other poems



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THE
PROGRESS OF FREEDOM;
AND
OTHER POEMS.

BY
BARNARD SHIPP.



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REMARKS.

IN the arrangement of the following poems those relating to each other have been placed in the regular order of their connexion. The notes annexed are but quotations from standard authors, embodied in that form. The allusions to Lexington have reference to Lexington, Fayette County, Kentucky; and those to the "Meadows" refer to a villa in the vicinity of Lexington.

New York, May 10th, 1852.

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THE PROGRESS OF FREEDOM.

Part First.

“ Who first taught souls enslaved, and realms undone,
The enormous faith of many made for one ;
That proud exception to all Nature's laws,
To invert the world and counterwork its cause ?
Force first made conquest, and that conquest law,
Till superstition taught the tyrant awe ;
Then shared the tyranny, then lent it aid,
And gods of conquerors, slaves of subjects made.”

POPE.

SINCE different sights to different men belong,
As some are weak, and others very strong ;
So each in life should proper distance take,
To view his object, and his comment make.
How smooth some objects to the sight appear
When seen at distance, but how changed when near ;
While nearer objects of gigantic size
Need aid of distance when they please the eyes ;
And things minute inspection close require,
From those who searching would the truth desire.
Some vile low thing in human shape,
That self-conceited would the statesman ape,
Some wealthy rogue who would most honest seem,

Whom weak-eyed men would philanthropic deem,
And those sweet saints that swindle half mankind
Of both their money and their silly mind ;
All these require inspection very close,
A weak-eyed man might touch them with his nose,
And then not see beneath the surface fair,
The vile corruption that is hidden there.
But, thanks to heaven, in our great distress
We have more senses than the brutes possess,
For when so credulous we cannot see
Why feeling comes and sets our vision free.
Full many a fool who firm in faith relied
Had lived deluded, and a dotard died ;
But that one sense, the sense of sordid gain,
Restored his vision, and disclosed his pain.
The golden medium who in life can take,
And due allowance for poor mortals make ?
Since none are perfect, who approaches near ?
Who can be called both wise and honest here ?
'Tis hard to tell, where all by contrast judge,
And one is little, as the other huge.

In ancient times when earth was little known,
Mankind was governed by one prince alone ;
To rule the world would sound now very great,
But then the world was but a single state.
E'en now the Russian rules a country vast

As all the kingdoms of the ancient past ;
And e'en our country with its oceans' bound,
Is greater far than e'er the Grecian found.
Greece once was great, Phoenicia too,
But these have dwindled to the human view ;
And rivers too, whose fountains, like the pole,
Were never witnessed by a human soul ;
Whose floods were subjects for the sage debate,
And strange conjectures of the ancient great ;
Mere streamlets, now, compared with ours would be,
Or as our lakes unto their midland sea.
And their large lakes we scarce a lake would call,
Not e'en their seas, they were so very small.
Who has not read how on the billows tossed,
When hope had fled, and faith itself was lost,
The mighty ship upon the raging sea,
Was near engulfed in gloomy Galilee,
The Saviour waked to still the angry wave,
And save his followers from a watery grave ?
Yet Borgne's far greater than that ancient sea,
E'en Maurapas, than raging Galilee !
And chieftains too in ancient times we find,
Unlike our moderns, were a different kind ;
Each in his sphere moves as a monarch great,
Though but the ruler of a petty State ;
Or, less than this, a single pirate town,

To wield a sceptre, and to wear a crown.
These were transmitted down the godlike line,
And held by subjects sacred and divine.
Such were the charms that these regalia had,
That kings would furious turn, and raving mad
Sack cities, kingdoms; ravage half the earth,
To prove themselves of an illustrious birth.
Poor fools! who were begot, and born, and died
As other mortals of inferior pride.
Yet weak mankind, priest-ridden and oppressed,
Claimed but a king, to own that they were blest;
Believing all that priestly art could bring,
To prove from heaven descended down their king;
Begot by Mars, of some pure virgin born,
By monsters suckled, till from monsters torn;
Or far in wilds with heavenly manna fed,
Or loaves and fishes showered on his head!
Such was their faith that they could well believe
All that could flatter, wheedle, or deceive;
For moral darkness and a mental night
Concealed the world, and hid the human sight,
Save those who peered in nature's devious way,
And found the pathway to immortal day.
These gazing down from their aerial height,
Assumed their native and inalien right;
Collegued with kings, and bowed the human mind,

In base subjection to the priestly kind ;
E'en sovereigns forced with superstitious awe,
To own their empire and obey their law.
Thus crown and crosier joined in union rose,
To reason, justice, and to science foes,
Could men but reason, then would justice be ;
Could justice triumph, then would all be free,
And mind unfettered would assume its right,
Hurl tyrants, priests, and princes from their height ;
Rear up the fabric of fair science high,
And teach mankind triumphant how to die ;
Not with hell's horrors roaring in their ears,
Appalled, poor things, by superstitious fears,
But with bright hope, companion of their way,
Through death's dark shadows, to eternal day,
To peace, and bliss, and faithful friends restored,
They living cherished, and in death deplored.
For did not fear unnerve the subject's arm,
A tyrant's life would bear no mystic charm ;
And freedom's sword, unsheathed for human right,
Would strike for vengeance, and defy his might.
So priestcraft reasoned in her tyrant's cause,
Outraging nature, and all nature's laws.

Then subjects taught to one pursuit were bound,
These skilled in arts, and those to till the ground ;

And there confined, and ne'er allowed to range
All things beyond were wonderful and strange.
To one pursuit and narrow spot confined,
Was bound the body, and restrained the mind.²
And even there lest contemplation too
Should light the spirit, and expand the view,
Tyrannic skill essayed by every art,
Where cunning priestcraft shared an equal part
With souls inhuman, from the laboring hand,
To extort the products of the cultured land,
And bow the industrious with incessant toil,
To share the profits and increase the spoil ;
Thus tax on tax on various pretext rose,
From life's sad dawning to its early close ;
And men, as brutes, for self-selected few
Increased for labor, and in bondage grew.
'Tis true processions, royal feasts were seen,
And shows and revels, with their rites obscene,
And noise and frolic spoke the public glee,
As though mankind had known no misery ;
While fettered man, amid the scene of mirth,
Deemed kings of heaven, and himself of earth ;
And crouched adoring to the royal show
Upheld by terror, and by human woe ;
And deemed himself most happy thus to see
The royal pageant and divinity

Whose very touch such sanity possessed,
The sick who felt it were revived and blessed ;
The blind beheld ; the feeble were restored ;
The people wondered, trembled, and adored.
So sacred were these regal things beheld
That foes would shun them on the battle field ;
Nor dare to rear their reeking blade on high
Against the life of royal majesty ;
And o'er their tombs, as though the sainted dead
On bleating flocks or lowing oxen fed,
Whole hecatombs, with human blood the price,
Were offered up a holy sacrifice !
And man deluded, blind to bad and good,
The dear-bought products of his tears and blood,
Approved the princes and the royal priest,
Their generous bounty and the joyous feast,
A stinted largess from a hoarded store,
By avarice tortured from the struggling poor !

So waxed the priesthood and anointed few ;
So toiled the people, and their labors grew.
Time came and went, and mighty cities rose ;
The favored few grew languid with repose ;
Up rose the temple, up the embattled wall,
The Ox-god grew, and fattened in his stall.³
And all that faith of human mind could swill,

Was drained at length from superstition's still ;
Birds, fish, and brutes grew gods ; dogs, cats, and cranes,
The pious objects of the people's pains.⁴
And fabrics vast as human skill could make,
Received these godlings from the wood and lake ;
And priests ordained with stipend vast to keep,
These gods alive, and all mankind asleep,⁵
Still plied their craft, and racked the ingenious brain,
To increase their power, and extend their reign.
Time came and went, and ages passed away,
No light e'er dawned to tell the coming day.
And man in darkness labored, lived, and died,
Till untold millions swelled the human tide ;
And every spot whereon a footstep trod
Became the tomb of some departed god,
And earth above, and earth beneath was stored,
With those who cats and crocodiles adored.⁶
Alas for human faith, and bigot zeal,
That can our conscience and our nature steel ;
Pervert the mind, and make mankind the fool
For every tyrant, or a tyrant's tool.
In that dark age when robed in rayless night,
Man mole-like moved divested of his sight,
And grovelling lived appendage to the soil,
A beast in mind, a brute unto his toil.
Had reason spoke, she had been heeded not,

The culprit's fate had been her certain lot.

O ye of biassed judgment and contracted soul,
 Who'd bound man's triumph by your narrow goal,
 Who fixed in faith, and with conviction bold,
 Would make your creed Procrustes' bed of old.⁷
 Gaze on the past, expand your narrow mind,
 To embrace the knowledge of all human kind ;
 See nations rise, stupendous fabrics fall,
 Faiths fade to night, and error shrouding all ;
 Man's mind ascend to learning's loftiest height,
 In arts excel, and glory in its might, .
 Yet bound alas by that enthralling chain
 That checked its triumph and confined its reign ;
 The tyrant FAITH that shackled all mankind,
 And stayed the progress of the immortal mind.
 Who doubted this, or e'en the subject broached,
 Alas, the wretch on priestly rights encroached ;
 His fate was sealed ; the offended gods to please
 That man must die like martyred Socrates.

From that far time hid in remotest night,⁸
 Where not one ray sheds e'en its faintest light,
 Where darkness settles like a funeral pall,
 O'er all of earth that man might human call ;
 Concealed by clouds that over chaos hung,
 That monster tyrant into being sprung.
 From that far time, until historic light,

It ruled mankind regardless of his right;
Age after age it held its ruthless sway,
And forced the world its precepts to obey.
Its fanes arose far in the forest shade,
Where beasts as savage as itself had strayed ;
E'en in the desert, with ingenious guile,
Like magic sprung from some oasis isle
Its towering temple and mysterious rite,
By wide wastes guarded from the vulgar sight.
Where mankind lived, if but a single tribe,
It reared its altars and received its bribe.
Oracles arose that, with prophetic power,
Foretold the event of any future hour ;
Where princes poured the treasures of their state,
To learn from priests their fortunes and their fate,
And these vile engines plied their mystic art,
And played in states a most conspicuous part ;
Swayed councils, kingdoms, armies with their word,
The mightiest monarch, and the vilest herd.⁹
Ambiguous prophecies they freely sold,
And governed nations by their wit and gold.
Mankind increased, and potent kingdoms rose,
That long had been triumphant o'er their foes ;
But human passion, roused by wrong or right,
Or fierce ambition, towered to its height ;
And sects and factions with aspiring great

Colleagued in secret to control the state ;
Malignant envy with ingenious art,
By subtile craft was sown in every heart ;
And discontent and sullen hate arose,
That rulers vainly struggled to oppose.
Tribe against tribe, and sect 'gainst sect arrayed,
Ne'er mercy spared, or vengeance' wrath was stayed ;
Towns, cities, kingdoms, with vindictive rage
In civil discord's deadly feuds engaged.
The monsters grow domestic faction bred,
And vice triumphant rears her hydra head ;
Till war to conquest turns their demon wrath,
And strews the spoils of empires in their path.
Thus nations fell, and nations new arose,
While earth exhausted sank into repose ;
And cunning craft with secret power again,
Reared up new fabrics, and resumed its reign.
So ages passed till superstition grew,
With rites absurd, so gross unto the view,
That man familiar heeded not the show
That claimed his faith for what he could not know.
Earth, sea, and air ; each grotto, grove, and glen,
Were filled with gods, as though with living men,
And oracles increased in wealth and fame,
To whose dark shrine deluded mortals came ;
And wondered greatly how prophetic power

Could tell the event of any future hour.
Believed all stories of their wondrous skill,
Believed them all, and craved for wonders still ;
Until credulous superstition's creed
Deemed priests divine terrestrial gods indeed.
By cunning concert oft the truth they told,
The truth once told responses rapid sold ;
For, faith once gained, who dared their power deny
As well might doubt the planets in the sky ;
For had not Kings, the rulers of the state,
Themselves attested to their powers o'er fate ?
It mattered not that prophecies were sold,
That oracles grew rich with gifts and gold ;
That wealth unbounded aided all their art,
To blind the spirit and corrupt the heart.
One truth foretold was famed in every land,
One failure made was smothered at command ;
Thus grew their faith, and thus their fame was spread,
And such their power that kings themselves might dread.
But these vile engines multiplied at length,
Increased in number, but decreased in strength,
And each its rival struggling to excel
Dissolved at length the superstitious spell.
Each failure now foes leagued by selfish aim
Spread far and wide, unto their rival's shame ;
And competition with invidious art

Began to act the vile detractor's part.
Thus undermined by every rival foe,
And stripped at length of all imposing show ;
Thus grown too cheap, too cheap for kingly power,
They grew the pastime of an idle hour.
The hoarded wealth that fraud incessant stored,
Became a tribute to the conqueror's sword ;
And stately fanes upreared by slavish toil,
Adorned through years with many a glittering spoil,
Became a prey to some ambitious chief,
Some wholesale robber or insidious thief.
Thus cheated man, with faiths familiar grown,
Believed his judgment, and conformed to none ;
Gazed out at length as from a gloomy cell,
And saw the force of superstition's spell ;
Himself immured as in a prison wall,
By kingly power and by priestly thrall.

Oh ! ye more blest by freedom's present dawn
Can backward gaze upon oppression gone ;
And see the cord that blinded mortals bound
To build huge temples and to till the ground :
Well may ye wonder that so weak a thread
Wove with the spell of superstitious dread,
Should bind the world, and hold all human kind
In abject slavery to a tyrant's mind.
But e'en an infant can the blind command,

And guide their powers with its feeble hand ;
Thus man immortal, robbed of mental sight,
Became as blinded to external light ;
Or only saw but by oppression's aid,
That loaned its power to increase its shade.
All outward nature was as blooming then,
And power to judge it in the minds of men,
Concealed 'tis true, but still the power was there,
As vivid lightning in the lambent air.
Power that, waked, had roused the slumbering earth,
And given freedom an immortal birth ;
Flashed o'er the world, and lit to conscious might,
The strength of reason to maintain her right.
O God ! what heart but doth indignant burn,
To view the past, then to the present turn,
And see the length of that unbroken chain
That binds mankind to superstition's reign,
And makes of more than half the human race
The dupes of tyrants to their own disgrace !
In that dark age Promethean fire was given
To light the spirit to its native heaven ;
And lead the mind from superstitious sway
To truth, to knowledge, and eternal day ;
But darkness dense, like a funereal pall,
Hid mental vision, and enveloped all.
And that bright light, more bright by darkness round,

From all the world no like reflection found ;
For minds so rude had polish to receive,
To shed the radiance that its rays could give,
And those first beams of the immortal mind,
Were doomed to fade and leave no fruits behind :
Though Justice firm in bold defiance hurled
Her shafts unerring 'gainst the opposing world ;
And Bigot Faith with rage vindictive saw
Her rights invaded and her futile law,
When man as man would free-born dare to stand,
And rear his reason 'gainst her vile command.
That reason God in righteous mercy gave
To crush the tyrant and his subtle slave ;
And raise mankind as man should ever be :
By virtue guided and in spirit free ;
The master-piece of God, transcendent here,
The sovereign lord of this terraqueous sphere.
Time came and went, man's struggling powers grew ;
New objects rose unto his mental view.
Peering in the past, he saw strange phantoms gone ;
Oppressed mankind with burdens tottering on,
Progressing still unto the distant bourne,
Though all unconscious of the coming morn ;
The rise, the progress, and the fall of kings,
The change of creeds, and all deemed holy things ;
How man's condition suited to the reign,

The reign tyrannic to the stupid swain ;
How these subservient to each other grew,
Each changed to suit aught of the other new ;
Man's strength increase, and tyrants yield the sway,
Tyrants superior force him to obey ;
Encroachments thus through years alternate grow,
And ills and blessings from each triumph flow ;
Till each from other mutual respite sought
As time new changes into being brought.
Saw faiths conform to man's advancing mind,
And creeds once sacred now no longer bind ;
E'en things once gods, no longer gods esteemed ;
What was divine as sacrilegious deemed.
And all things sacred and profane he saw ;
All creeds, and faiths, and politics, and law ;
And throughout all beheld the human soul,
The guiding power that controlled the whole.
Thus mind arose o'er brutal force supreme,
The past became the phantom of a dream ;
Where brutal sense did for its faith require,
Some brutal object of its base desire.
And Wisdom saw with his prophetic view ;
Things past as old, and things to come as new,
Two worlds complete unto his vision rise,
One of the earth, the other of the skies ;
The soul, the body—man's mysterious frame,

Conjoining both—his glory and his shame ;
One down to earth, with its seductive sway,
Draw man a brute its power to obey ;
One up to heaven, with its celestial fire,
Attract his spirit from its base desire.
Thus good, and bad, and mortal, and divine,
Man lived through ages and prolonged his line.
Hope still survived, and fanned the feeble ray
That reason gave of Freedom's future day,
Till warmed at length the immortal spirit grew,
Beheld Creation, and its Maker knew,
On flights erratic winged its fledgling mind,
Explored the world, and triumphed for mankind.
Where'er imagination's wings could fly,
Surveyed the air, earth, ocean, and the sky,
And saw them all as one harmonious whole,
With God, the sovereign and superior soul,¹⁰
Whose ruling power, with mysterious sway,
Pervaded all and taught all to obey ;
Fixed rule beheld, and nature's changeless law,
In all above, in all around him saw.
Thus lured without to objects vast and wide,
The soul increased while Superstition died ;
For she in night with savage brood was bred,
Abhorred the light and from its radiance fled ;
On error lived and ignorance of mind ;

Could see no beauty, and no virtue find,
Save in dark rites, and in mysterious ways,
That shunned the light of wisdom's candid rays ;
O'er reason claiming a tyrannic right,
Denied its power, and refused its light ;
She to dark caves and gloomy forests fled,
Where souls as savage as herself she led :
And leagued with tyrants held her barbarous sway,
Hid in their depths from wisdom's cheerful ray.
Sects formed anew, new creeds to men were taught :
Some vague indeed, and some with wisdom fraught,
Where virtue ruled, and deeds of virtue gave
A high distinction to the good and brave.¹¹
Yet none ascendant o'er the others grew,
For creeds increased, and ever some were new.
Each claimed perfection, each that it was right ;
Though different each as dawning day and night.
Hence conflicts came, where struggling Reason fought,
And Bigot Zeal her blinding errors brought,
Who hugged her phantom with a changeless will,
Opposing Reason, and contending still.
Thus ever active, ever in the field,
A faith to conquer, or a truth to shield,
Man's mind increased, and reason keener grew,
Solved all the past, and to the future flew.
So KNOWLEDGE rose, and spreading far and wide,

Hurled down the barriers of opposing pride,
That votaries of darkness reared on high,
To oppose its progress, and its strength defy.
Things human and divine its right became ;
Temporal and eternal felt its flame ;
The era dawned of an awakened world
That had through ages been in darkness hurled ;
'Twas but the dawn of a far distant day,
The first faint gleam of Freedom's earliest ray.
Ages rolled by ere rose the glorious sun,
And Reason's reign upon the earth begun.
Say, art thou wise, art thou with reason blessed ?
Dost thou deplore the humbled and oppressed ?
Doth justice' light thy generous soul illumine,
Dispel the clouds of superstition's gloom ?
Canst thou behold with an unbiassed mind,
The good and bad of all thy erring kind ?
Admire their virtue, and their vice deplore ;
Their weakness pity, and their worth adore ?
Canst thou confide in God's superior sway ;
Receive his blessings, and his laws obey ;
Relying wholly on his wisdom here,
To rule creation, and to guide this sphere ;
In all his goodness, all his mercy find
The pledge of triumph to the human kind ?
If such thou art, thou art as man should be,

As heaven designed, and God created thee,
Who blended thine e'en with his holy aim,
And made his object and thy wish the same;
In seeking bliss, to rear thy soul on high,
And wing its flight triumphant to the sky.
If such thou art, co-worker thou wilt be
With all on earth who struggle to be free;
Truth, Justice, Knowledge, thou wilt nobly aid;
Oppose Oppression, and his powers degrade;
Exalt mankind; restore all human right
From mental darkness to immortal light;
Extend o'er earth, with all her righteous train,
Triumphant Reason and her Freedom's reign.
Go forth, Apostle, in a holy cause,
God's reign uphold, and justify his laws;
Receive his blessing, and his boons enjoy;
Exalt his goodness, and his gifts employ;
Proclaim aloud, in every dwelling-place
Jehovah rules, the Father of thy race;
That wisdom's law unerring from above,
Pervades creation with its maker's love;
A love unbounded—an immortal flame,
In God, in Nature, and in Man the same—
The tie mysterious that unites the whole,
Suns, planets, systems, one harmonious whole!

THE PROGRESS OF FREEDOM.

Part Second.

BEHOLD the ruins of dimensions vast
That mark the mighty empires of the past ;
Where time, with famine, pestilence, and sword,
Has left a brutal and erratic horde,
The savage nomads of that ruined clime
Who, blind to beauties of its works sublime,
Defile the dwellings of the glorious dead,
Upon whose tombs their steps polluting tread.
Alas ! what devastations of the past
Have o'er that land their desolation cast ?
What potent nations have forgotten died,
By wrath o'erwhelmed in oblivion's tide ?
Yea, mighty empires, kingdoms, nations, men,
Forgotten now, were in their glory then.
And these, in the long lapse of ages gone,
The bloody triumphs of ambition won ;
And trod exulting o'er their prostrate foe,
The guileless victim of their guilty blow,
To build an empire that to future time

Should tell their glory, but conceal their crime.
But all that lives of all that once was great
Is but the ruin of some mighty state,
That in the period of the past arose
To fame transcendent o'er its prostrate foes,
Consigned unto the ignominious tomb,
Alike the victor's and the victim's doom ;
Where side by side they now forgotten lie,
Unknown the vanquished and the victory.
Alas ! of mighty empires that remain,
That through long ages stretched their glorious reign,
How small the waif that bears to present time
Their proudest triumph and their greatest crime ?
Oh, think the millions that to-day must die !
And what must slumber in a century !
But count the cycles that have passed and gone,
The myriad races that their course have run,
And tell me, mortal, what of human pains
From nations past to modern time remains ?
Go, view the ruins scattered here and there,
Where coils the adder in his noisome lair ;
And broken arch and ruined column spread,
The sad memorials of the mighty dead ;
Where sigh the winds that o'er the boundless waste
Bear death and ruin in their poisonous blast,
And sing their requiem in that solitude,

Where beasts of prey and savage men intrude.
 These, all, alas ! of human grandeur gone,
 For man to muse and meditate upon,
 Proclaimed through ages past, and still proclaim,
 The fate of empires shall remain the same.
 But soar on fancy's pinions through her regions vast,
 And view the visions of the perished past ;
 Alas ! in every age, in every sphere,
 The same sad sounds will greet the listening ear,
 The same sad scenes will meet the gazing eye,
 Deceit and vice, wars, crime, and vanity ;
 And swayed by passion, and to reason blind,
 In every clime deluded mortal find
 The same tame tool to mind's superior sway,
 In ages past, as still he is to day ;
 Now proud triumphant in the path to fame ;
 Now abject bowed in ignominious shame,
 Now fool of fortune, now a victim doomed,
 A king exalted, or a slave entombed.

So rolls the earth upon its axis round ;
 Those up to day will soon be humbled found.
 The tree will shed its leaf—the twig will die—
 And snow-clouds gather in the winter sky.
 But spring returns, and flowers deck the plain,
 The stem puts forth, the leaves unfold again.
 And these are types of nations and of men,

They die to-day, but will appear again ;
And in the round of ages past and gone
The self-same deeds have been by mortals done.
E'en as material in the artist's hand,
Thus moulded, now, adorns his native land,
Now, broke to fragments, rears the stately aisle
Of polished pillars in some modern pile ;
So kingdoms modelled, and remodelled o'er,
Are still the same as they have been before.
Oppression there may have a single head,
Here hydra-like a thousand in its stead ;
The form is changed—the demon still remains,
The soul, not body, in corroding chains.
And men immortal, boasting freedom, dwell,
The tools of tyrants, and the slaves of hell !

Ages have passed, since superstition grew
A gaudy pageant to the public view ;
And man unshackled from the awful dread
That hung impending o'er his guilty head,
And stayed his progress in the gloomy path
To silent vengeance of his hidden wrath ;
Then freed from fear, and by reward unswayed,
Uncultured man his brutal lusts obeyed ;
And discord fierce the wreck of chaos threw
O'er the dark haunts where superstition grew ;¹²
And war and rapine leagued with famine left

The world in ruins, and of hope bereft ;
 Till force supreme, o'er force exhausted rose,
 And crushed the power of opposing foes.
 Then laws tyrannic curbed the savage mind,
 While Superstition triumphed o'er mankind ;¹³
 And bound again, as with an iron chain,
 Some stubborn beast from off the arid plain ;
 Man brutal born, by brutal passions swayed,
 Succumbed to power, and her laws obeyed.
 O reasoning man, what bliss supreme were thine,
 Couldst thou the ways of providence divine,
 And curb the passions, whose tyrannic sway
 Directs the progress of thy dubious way
 Through darkening clouds, that o'er thy erring path
 Have hid the tempest in its awful wrath.
 Alas ! that error should for ever blind
 Thy struggling reason, and misguided mind ;
 And titled power and oppression chain
 Thy soul subservient to their selfish reign.
 Alas ! for freedom's boast, and human right,
 Mankind are slumbering 'neath the pall of night ;
 Science may soar, and Art her fabrics make,
 That firm shall stand when earth itself shall shake ;
 And nations rising after ages past,
 With wonder view them in their ruins vast.
 But what were they but lonely stars that shone,

More bright by darkness, in their orb alone ;
Small spots of light on earth's benighted sphere,
To make more dark its shrouding pall appear ;¹⁴
A meteor flash of genius' magic power
Enkindling glory for a transient hour,
While wrapt in clouds, and midnight darkness deep,
Mankind but lived to labor, and to weep ;
To crouch the slaves of superstitious dread,
And toil for tyrants whom their bounties fed.

Ages have passed, and desolation reigns
O'er ruined cities on the arid plains ;
But there was strife, and the sanguine flood
That bathed their temples in a sea of blood ;
The harvest waved, and there the herdsman led
His fattened flocks, were now the deserts spread ;
Now there the ostrich frightened flees away,
And there the lion prowls for his prey ;
And lays him down within his lonely den,
The courts of princes, and the halls of men.
No human voice is heard, no caravan is seen,
Yet there the potent of the earth have been ;
And wealth, and power, and millions thronged the way,
Where silence broods o'er ruin and decay ;
And in the dark gloom of gathering ages fade
The mighty relics that their wrecks have made.

There the rude warrior with his bloody creed¹⁵
Swept, like the tempest, on his mettled steed,
And reared on high, with scorn's ironic smile,
His human heads a pyramidal pile ;
And left his mark in ruin, where he trod,
The scourge of nations, and the wrath of God.
There the proud chief that swept from Persia on,¹⁶
Proclaimed his creed, and bowed before the sun,
While servile Greeks forsook their gilded fanes,
Their sacred idols and unholy gains ;
And left to wreak a pagan's righteous wrath,
Their saints and temples in his ruthless path.
There in his pride the prophet warrior trod,¹⁷
Proclaiming credence in one living God,
Recalling earth, relapsing back again
To idol worship, to his holy fane.
There the bold Norman and the gallant Gaul
Rushed forth to battle at their Hermit's call ;¹⁸
And Europe roused her sainted warriors poured,
Illustrious martyrs 'neath the paynim's sword.
There the red cross and crescent side by side
Alternate rose, and sank beneath the tide.
Here, God !—Mahomed ! rose the battle-cry,
And Moslems rushed to conquer or to die.
There the fierce Frank, in battle's bright array,
Unsheathed his blade to murder and to prey :

Bowed to the cross, he reared with faith on high,
Invoked his saint, and rushed to victory.
This looked to heaven for his glorious prize,
And dreamed of houries in his paradise ;
That sought from hell and all its flames to fly,
And soar an angel in the boundless sky.
And the great charm that nerved to every deed,
Was which should triumph with his cherished creed ;
If the bright crescent or the cross should wave,
If Christ could succor, or Mahomed save.
The strife is o'er, the crescent waves on high !
The illusion's passed, and all its vanity !

Vain man, behold how base the human mind,
Unswayed by justice and to reason blind ;
How great a dupe thy erring race can be,
Controlled by passion and duplicity ;
How strong the spell whose subtle power gave
That mighty impulse to the reckless brave,
And led combined the strength of nations rude,
To rear up thrones in nature's solitude.
When the dark storm that ages held its course
At length exhausted spent its furious force,¹⁹
And kingdoms rose upon the wreck of those
That fell o'erthrown beneath the shock of foes,
That subtle force through storms and ruin nursed,

Survived to nations that it blessed and cursed.
Now meekly in its humble path it moved,
Conformed to precepts that it taught and loved,
And found a home and welcome where it went,
With pious purposes on good intent.
Then, like light, amid the darkness shone
Its charm still lingering when all peace had flown.
And gazing upward through her falling tears,
Affliction saw a hope beyond her fears ;
A quiet place of rapture and repose,
Beyond the influence of malignant foes,
Where faith triumphant through her trials here,
Would rise to glory in a happier sphere ;
Where the dread blight of devastation's breath
Would cease to conquer, with the reign of death ;
And the poor pilgrim, by oppression bowed,
Would rise superior to the rich and proud.
Such the sweet balm it to the lowly brought—
'Twas bright with promise—and with blessings fraught ;
And Faith confiding hugged unto her breast
The happy vision of immortal rest.
But joined with craft that protean power grew
All changed in feature, and in nature new.
Now serpent-like it crawled upon the dust,
To gain dominion and important trust ;
And wound its fold with silent stealth around

The unconscious victim that it firmly bound ;
While sped unseen, more keen than venom'd dart,
Its fangs infusing poison to the heart.
So, serpent-like, it triumphed in its aim,
Increased in power, and a fiend became.
Colleagu'd with princes, and upheld by law,
It forced submission where it failed to awe ;
And conquered nations, 'neath its tyrant sway,
Saw freedom perish, reason's self decay.²⁰
Compliance forced, its precepts were received ;
And taught by tyrants, was by slaves believed,
Whose faith was moulded to Oppression's will,
To serve his purpose, and his wish fulfil ;
That Superstition guided to her goal,
By zeal enkindled for the immortal soul,
And o'er the sovereign and the subject threw
The cloud of error that deceived the view,
Beneath whose shade her machinations spread
To enthrall the living and dispose the dead.
And thus by intrigue, and by subtle art,
She rose to power, and her lion's part,²¹
While kings indignant saw themselves outdone,
They vassals living, and their subjects won ;
A higher law within their realms arise
That thrones could shackle, and their threats despise ;²²
Their people won, e'en by the aid they gave

To raise their power, and subject their slave ;
Saw engines planted by their fostering hand,
Rise up like bulwarks, at that law's command,
Throughout the land their mighty influence hold,
And sway their people like a tethered fold.
Still unrestrained that rampant power rose,
Till vice engendered brought its fatal foes,²³
And kings indignant, roused by latent wrong,
And tortured patience that had suffered long,
Allied with factions, and disclosed to light
The vile corruptions hidden from the sight.
Then undeceived, and from the illusion woke,
The first faint gleam of buried reason broke ;²⁴
And nations roused, by adverse factions led,
Contemned the power that they ceased to dread ;
And civil discord's devastating brand
Threw its red glare o'er that devoted land.
Ne'er in the past, when paynim warriors fought
For the vile creed they to their people taught,
Did fiercer rancor, in the human heart,
Perform on earth its more than demon part.
Not pandemonium with its hellish hate,
Could heap on earth a more appalling fate
Than cursed mankind, and throughout empires spread
The wreck of cities and the piles of dead,
When bigot zeal, with faith and passion blind,

Essayed to conquer, and control mankind.²⁵

O Death, O Ruin, ye were blessings then
To the dark wrath of demon-minded men ;
To die was sweet, 'twas freedom then to those
Who gazed on crimes that feeling's fountains froze,
And crushed the soul, as though the wheel had broke
The immortal spirit on its fatal spoke !

The storm has ceased, the ocean's troubled strife
That called the force of reason into life ;
And slowly passing down the stream of time
Float the dark wrecks of folly and of crime.
And, ages hence, in that deep gulf will lie
The last harsh hope of human vanity,
The pride of man, a nursling of the sod,
Who spurns the earth, and towers to a god ;
Prescribes the faith ; and cows the world to be
In forced subjection to his deity ;
Points out the form ; and would the mind restrain
To act obedient to despotic reign.
O stubborn fool, will never wisdom teach
Such force for ever is beyond thy reach ?
What though the world conform unto thy way,
Say, does the soul thy despot law obey ?
Go, chain the wind, and bind the ocean's wave,
Make nature's self thy subject and thy slave,
Then mind and spirit will submit to thee,

Thou earth-born fool of human vanity !

As the rude rock, beneath the hoof of steel,
Doth to the night its latent light reveal ;
So nations, crushed beneath oppression's rod,
Revealed the ray of reason and of God ;
Dispelled the darkness, and disclosed to light
Oppression robed in Superstition's night ;
The machinations that her tools had made
To bind the reason and the soul degrade,
And make mankind, as man before had been,
The dupes of priestcraft and the slaves of sin.

From that fierce storm with death and ruin rife,
Sage Reason rose and Freedom into life,
Twin-born, amid the world's convulsing throes
That heaped destruction on their allied foes,
Bright lights 'mid darkness, and the dread alarms,
That roused mankind from slumber unto arms ;
And lit the beacons that shall constant burn
Till Reason conquer and her reign return,
And man unawed by Superstition's rod,
Nor swayed by power, shall obey his God.
Still raged the storm while Persecution's howl³⁶
Was heard afar, where 'neath her hideous scowl
The timid nations shrank appalled with fear,
And felt the influence of her stern career ;
While nobler races scorned her proffered creed

And dared the vengeance of her foulest deed.
Then earth's extremes the furious conflict felt,
And Vengeance ruled, and Mercy vainly knelt.
From India's shore to Andes' towering steep
Mankind were taught to tremble and to weep ;²⁷
While borne on high her bloody banner reared,
With reeking blades and blazing brands appeared.
Thus flaunted far upon each foreign shore
Her dripping ensign steeped in human gore ;
While slaughtered nations, ruined cities told
The lust of rapine and the love of gold,
That demon power, with despotic sway,
Controlled, to vanquish, and convert her prey,
With futile hope to rear in blood again
The boundless fabric of her gloomy reign.
For what, O Europe, did thy courage foil
The sullen despot driven from his spoil ?
For what from thee thy wrath in vengeance hurled
Her chains and fetters forged upon the world ?
For what thy strength on Chalons' sanguine plain
Heaped high the piles and hecatombs of slain,²⁸
While dark the Loire with Moorish blood grew red ;
And rolled his waves encumbered with the dead ?
For what the Danube through a thousand years
Received the tribute of thy blood and tears ;
And rose thy arms the rampart of thy power,

In slaughter's deadliest and its darkest hour ?
Alas ! thy courage and thy conquests vain,
Thy shout of freedom, that is heard again—
No : not in vain rolled there the deafening shout,
Where myriads perished in the battle rout ;
To those who fell upon the field to die,
'Twas peace to them—eternal liberty ;
Peace from the noise of tyrants' endless strife,
And glorious freedom from degraded life,
That soul and body wore the galling chain ;
It bore unconscious, or beheld in vain,
While struggling nobly in a hundred fights,
Its shout of freedom rose for human rights.
Still regal rule, from force superior free,
Bowed nations down in abject slavery ;²⁹
Usurped the power that its strength o'erthrew,
Duped struggling man, and more imperious grew ;
Placed crown and mitre on the royal head,
And gave the crosier in the sceptre's stead.
Thus armed with strength of heaven, earth, and hell,
Oppression rose, the hierarch that fell ;³⁰
Established orders and his faith prescribed ;
The priests exalted, and their service bribed,
Snatched from the poor their hard-earned fruits, to feed
The subtle tyrants that upheld his creed ;
Who due submission unto kingly sway,

With solemn farces taught unto the lay ;³¹
And precepts thick in ancient scriptures found
To give it power, and the vantage ground.
For who denied what heaven itself had taught
Became rebellious, new devices sought,
Strayed from the path that holy men had trod
Who talked on earth and wrestled with their God ;
Sought to subvert the soul's established creed
The power had fixed, and faith was bound to heed.
The rack, the prison, torture, and the flame,
The wrath of rabble, and the brand of shame,
The bigot zeal of slavish subjects made
The potent engines of a tyrant's trade ;
And free-born mind that dared to think or act
Was doomed to torture on the horrid rack.
Then priestly craft colleagued with kings became
In nature tyrants, and in creed the same.
And prelates rose to regal pomp and state,
To rank with princes and with peers as great.
Thus rose again, but in a different form,
The subtile power that produced the storm³²
That swept o'er Europe, and in blood and flame
Deep stamped the stigma of eternal shame.
'Twas royal rule, from priestly thralldom free,
That, in that strife, had gained its liberty ;³³
Not man bowed down by hierarchal sway,

In forced submission, blindly to obey ;
Though conscience' freedom was the specious plea
That tyrants urged with bigot slavery,
To rouse mankind against the subtle force
That ruled their influence, and controlled their course.
And thus in every age, in every clime,
Have righteous objects been the pleas for crime ;
And man, inveigled like a brute, been led
To slavish thralldom that he gained instead.
But all in vain did craft and power plan
Their machinations for the mind of man ;
Though forced by power and deceived by art,
Still reason slumbered in the human heart,
Which knowledge lighted, and invention gave
A strength too potent to submit a slave.³⁴

Concealed by darkness through a thousand years,
The reign of terror, and of human tears,
The light of knowledge shed no cheering beam
Through time's dark tempest on his troubled stream ;
But rude barbarians, in their brutal lust,
Hurled art and science headlong to the dust ;
While Superstition in her gloomy cell
Adored the darkness that concealed her spell.
But genius' radiance 'mid the darkness shone
Where terror guarded and upheld the throne,
On ruin founded, that oppression built,

By force and fraud, in human blood and guilt.
Then brutal power, by its sway undone,
Saw Error vanquished, and her victims won ;
And Superstition in her gloomy cell
With demon vengeance and with venom swell ;
While Persecution, impotent with rage,
Her fold recoiled, and crouched within her cage.
And thus—like reptiles that receive their birth
From stagnant puddles that pollute the earth ;
Or prowling beasts that midnight seek their prey,
Yet slinking cravens in the light of day—
The coward tyrants of oppressed mankind
Were struck with terror, and with brightness blind,
When Knowledge rose to roll the night away,
The noxious vapors of its long decay ;
And dry the waters of the stagnant flood
Where Error harbored with her vicious brood.
Then Art ingenious, with her wondrous skill,
To second Science, and her wish fulfil,
Her mighty engines brought with force to bear
On Error hidden in her fenny lair :
And armed mankind with learning's flaming brand
To attack Oppression, or his force withstand.
Then curious Commerce, with her swelling sail,
Sought distant lands with fortune's favoring gale ;
And found afar, beyond the ocean's wave,

A home to welcome and receive the brave—
A world unknown, within the boundless deep,
Where Mercy smiled, and Sorrow ceased to weep.
Then from its bonds the freeborn spirit broke,
That cunning tyrants had essayed to yoke
As some huge beast within its limits bound
To bear its burden, and to till the ground ;
And be contented with its hay and shed,
From priests and tyrants whom it clothed and fed ;
And nursed in power and luxurious sloth—
Beloved by neither, but abhorred by both.
Then sects and factions, bound by mutual ties,
Collegued together, and became allies ;
And dared to differ from established faith,³⁵
And seek through reason for the righteous path
That led to heaven from a tyrant's wrath,
And raised mankind from kingly thralldom free,
The immortal subjects of the deity.
Then reason's ray burst through the eastern sky,
Proclaimed the dawn of human liberty ;
O'er Ocean flashed, and lit beyond his wave
The birth of Freedom, and Oppression's grave.

Not all the wisdom of experience past ;
Not dread forebodings o'er their spirits cast ;
Not the still voice that whispered in their ear,
The time will come, and vengeance will appear ;

Disclosed fair Freedom on Oppression's tomb,
And Knowledge, armed with flaming sword, sta
With Truth and Justice, guardians of the land ;
Could move the tyrants of mankind that stood
Opposed to Reason, and bestained with blood.
But the bright ray that, buried in the soul,
Bursts every bond beyond the world's control,
And flashes far along its native sky,
Was never born to vanish or to die.
And the dark Fiend, that ages past has bound
Its fiery pinions fettered to the ground,
Has felt its shock ; and soon shall feel again
The wrath of Freedom rend Oppression's chain ;
And see mankind, enlightened, scorn the rule
Of sceptred tyrants and their mitred tools ;
And righteous laws on justice firmly rise
To rule the world with wisdom from the skies.

October, 1851.

REFLECTIONS ON THE YEAR 1848.

ANOTHER year Time's long career extends ;
The new one blooming where the old one ends ;
The Past united to the endless train
Of things once been that ne'er can be again,
Fast hastening onward to the darkening shade,
To which the strongest and the fairest fade ;
The oblivious tomb to glory and to shame,
The noblest triumph and the loftiest name.
The Future opening with its flattering scene,
Yet still illusive as the past has been,
Where man the mimic on the stage appears,
To act his part of rapture, hope, and fears ;
Strut the same round that others pranced before,
In vapor vanish, and appear no more.

To rear up fabrics, and to pull them down,
To plant a garden, or to plan a town,
A fortress capture, or a battle fight,
Oppress the feeble, or assert their right,
Or hoard on hoard a useless treasure rear,
Appears the aim of pompous mortals here.
Lo ! Europe's fabrics based in human blood,
With tears cemented, have their period stood,

And now to earth a rotten ruin hurled,
 Low lie neglected where they cursed the world.
 While the loud shout that ages rang before,
 Still swells on high above the tumult's roar ;
 That shout that peasant prince and traitor cry,
 Yea, tyrants whisper when accursed they die ;
 That rang amid Helvetia's mountains wild,
 When heaven-born Freedom from their summits smiled.
 And sounded far Oppression's funeral knell,
 That told the triumphs of her patriot Tell ;
 That from Asturias' rocky summit rolled,
 When bold Palayo left his mountain hold ;
 And led to vengeance o'er Iberia's plain
 The unvanquished warriors, his victorious train ;
 That rang o'er Britain when the Regicide
 Rose high to power with imperial pride,
 And taught how sovereigns should with wisdom reign,
 Or subjects triumph, and their rights regain ;
 A sound that has in every age been heard,
 Beloved by freemen, and by tyrants feared,
 And yet alike to every end designed,
 To bless, to honor, and to curse mankind.

Now the Far West upon Pacific's coast,
 We find no more—'tis in the ocean lost.
 Then in some isle we'll seek it o'er the main ;
 But followed there, it flies from us again.

If to Australia we pursue it there,
'Tis lost again, and vanished in the air.
So rolls the tide of emigration on,
To Fuca's Strait, and distant Oregon,
Where now in embryo mighty cities grow,
That marts of commerce, living men shall know ;
When Asia's wealth shall eastward find its way,
And Freedom rule where Britain holds the sway.
And still the phantom man pursued of yore
He seeks for still, as he has sought before ;
'Twas gold that lured him to the Western World,
'Twas gold the banner of his chief unfurled,
'Twas gold that nerved him for the murderous blow
That struck for Peru, and for Mexico,
And now 'tis gold, and California's too,
That lures him on his triumphs to renew.
All, all, he leaves to find the glittering grain,
High mountains climbs, and braves the boisterous main,
Friends, home, and kindred, every comfort leaves,
For gold resigns them, nor resigning grieves.
Such the allurements to entice mankind,
Heaven in mercy for our race designed.
We seek our own, but still this purpose do ;
Fulfil His wishes, and our own pursue ;
Blind to the end to which He leads us on,
Until He triumphs, and the deed is done.

So too, fierce war expels from Europe's plain
 Her struggling people o'er the Western main.
 To distant lands, unpeopled isles they go,
 And weep their blessings while they feel the woe,
 Till in some Eden of Pacific's steep,
 They smile with rapture, and they cease to weep.

War, too, it was that westward led our arms ;
 War lured our warriors with its martial charms ;
 In foreign lands they fame and glory sought,
 Stormed frowning forts, and bloody battles fought ;
 Exploring mountains and the desert waste,
 On every field victorious to the last.
 So Heaven ordained, and so their prowess won ;
 But not for glory were those triumphs done—
 The weak vain purpose of the human mind,
 To God's great object still for ever blind.
 Was it for tinsel show and vain parade
 Those mighty triumphs for our race were made ?
 Was it that man for vulgar gaze and gape
 Should e'en the struttings of a peacock ape ?
 Has Heaven naught else for mortals here to do,
 Than the vainglory of their pride pursue ?
 Did He send forth to perish on the plain,
 Ten thousand men to make one mortal vain ?
 O ye ! who praise the living and neglect the dead,
 Think of the heroes who have nobly bled,

Who foremost rushed, and fearless' led,
 When Carnage triumphed and when Mercy fled ;
 Think of your country, her triumphant reign ;
 Think of her honor, and her heroes slain ;
 Oh ! give to them the merit still their due ;
 They *fought* for honor and they *died* for you !

And while afar the shouts of Freedom swell,
 That nation's triumph in her battle tell,
 And struggling man, to reassert his right,
 Hurls down the fabrics of tyrannic might ;
 May Wisdom light, with her celestial ray,
 The path to Virtue and to peaceful sway ;
 Impartial Justice rule with equal laws,
 Direct their councils, and decide each cause ;
 Fair Freedom rise, resume her ancient right,
 Usurped by tyrants in barbarian night ;
 And man, the sovereign of his race, demand
 The rights inalien of his native land,
 To rank as God and Nature have designed,
 By moral virtues and the rule of mind.
 O ye ! who cant of justice, and corruption aid ;
 Exalt the wicked, and the good degrade ;
 Pervert the powers that to bless were given,
 Outraging Nature and defying Heaven ;
 Ye tyrants great, of title and of power,

Ye mimic monsters of the passing hour—
 Or where your fabrics down to ruin roll,
 Or where they rise gigantic at the pole,
 Or where Columbia boasts her equal laws—
 Turn to the past, and for a moment pause ;
 Back to the ages of departed time,
 Behold the progress of careering crime,
 And learn, oh ! learn from every fallen state,
 Your future prospects and your certain fate.

May this New Year to earth new blessings bring,
 New hopes and pleasures as the buds of spring ;
 And these new fruits for future nations bear,
 Who shall our triumphs and our bounties share.
 May hallowed Peace her heavenly influence shed,
 Where'er the footsteps of our race shall tread ;
 And teach mankind there's bliss for mortals here,
 Which Heaven will sanction in their wise career ;
 And still impart with an unbounded grace
 To all the offspring of the human race.

May Wisdom guide and Justice rule the world ;
 The sword be sheathed, the bloody standard furled ;
 Fair Commerce prosper, and productive Art ;
 New cities rise, and flourish every mart ;
 Young Freedom's reign to earth's extreme extend ;
 Oppression cease, and wars for ever end !

Natchez, Jan. 1849.

COLONEL WILLIAM ROBERTSON M'KEE.

WHO FELL AT BUENA VISTA.

He fell as falls the good and brave ;
He fills a patriot soldier's grave ;
And ne'er a nobler being bled,
Or purer soul from mortal fled,
Than on at Buena Vista led
The gallant, generous, and the free,
Kentucky's noble son, M'Kee.

The monument may rise on high,
And fame speak loud of those who die
Obedient to their country's laws,
In freedom's just and holy cause ;
Yet memory often there shall pause
To pay devotion's debt to thee,
The gallant, wise, and good M'Kee.

Thy name inscribed on history's page,
Shall long be loved by youth and age,
A pure and glorious beacon guide
To those who, o'er the battle's tide,

Would on to fame and glory ride,
Triumphing o'er its threatening sea,
To fall and conquer, like M'Kee.

Though soon the spear and sword shall rust,
And monuments return to dust,
Yet Buena Vista's dreadful day,
That tore Kentucky's *gems* away,
Shall live o'er ruin and decay,
With those who fell with brave M'Kee,
At Mexico's Thermopylæ.

RE-INTERMENT OF NAPOLEON.

Lo ! his dust lies in peace where his shade should repose ;
Where his genius to fame from the tempest arose ;
And his halo of glory the brightest appeared,
When his eagles o'er Europe in triumph were reared.

Lo ! his dust lies in peace, and the soldier's sad tear,
O'er the storm-beaten cheek, doth illumine his bier ;
But where tears dim the eye, and deep pangs pierce the
heart,
The dark wrongs of their warrior to memory start.

There's a cloud that envelopes the tomb of the dead,
A blot on the banner that to victory led,
And an isle in the deep where that standard must wave,
Ere that cloud shall depart from the tomb of the brave.

O France, shall the shade of thy conqueror still call
For redress from the foes who conspired his fall ;
Whose strong vessels bore him o'er the dark-rolling
deep,
A lone exile in chains on his bleak rock to weep ?

Hath the spirit of Freedom departed from earth,
That oppression may rule in the land of her birth,
And the offspring of valor in agony feel
The deep wound to their honor, that never can heal ?

Oh, the dark clouds are gathering, the tempest draws
nigh,
Whence the lightnings of Freedom shall flash through
the sky ;
And her standard once more be in triumph unfurled,
Where the rays of her glory illumined the world ;

When freemen in arms shall to the conflict advance,
With the genius of war, o'er the green hills of France,
And the Queen of the Isles for her lone kingdom quail,
As their wild shrieks of vengeance shall swell on each
gale.

Oh ! then shall the blot that thy fame hath defaced,
O France, from thy banner be for ever erased ;
And the shade of thy hero in glory repose
Where his genius through tempests to triumph arose.

Natchez, 1841.

LIBERTY AND FRANCE.

TO MARIE ANTOINETTE.

STORMS are gathering o'er the wave,
The signs for ever vary ;
Oppression treads the crouching slave,
Freedom nerves the struggling brave,
Liberty and France ! my Marie.

Far shall float her standard red,
A nation on shall carry
The motto of the mighty dead,
Their country's hope, the tyrant's dread,
“ Liberty and France ! ” my Marie.

Hark ! her sons the falchion wield—
Now like heroes bear ye,
Rush with banner, spear, and shield,
Onward to the battle field !
Liberty and France ! my Marie.

Who is foremost in the van ?—
Gallia's sons there are ye !

Where the blood in torrents ran,
With freedom's cry and talisman,
"Liberty and France !" my Marie.

Europe's sons from slavery rise,
Tyrants yet doth spare ye ;
Seek ye not the glorious prize ?
Hear ye not their battle cries ?
"Liberty and France !" my Marie.

Europe trembles to their tread,
Now of tyrants weary,
Behold, they rise who long have bled,
And, with that cry, they wake the dead.
"Liberty and France !" my Marie.

Phila. 12th July, 1848.

APPEAL OF HUNGARY.

ON, freemen, to battle ! the foemen draw nigh ;
They tread o'er the tombs where your brave sires lie,
The heroes whose strength, an impregnable shield,
Rose the rampart of Europe on the battle's red field,
When the tide of the Ottoman rushed on in its wrath,
O'er each barrier that rose in his desolate path,
Till the Hun and Albanian³⁶ hurled back the dark flood,
And the Danube rolled red with the Mussulman's blood,
While Croia beheld like a fugitive fly,
Proud Amurath's hosts, from bold Scanderbeg's cry.
Oh, remember the deeds when Hunniades led ;
And the bright trophies won by your warriors who bled,
And on to the conflict, the Tyrant defy,
Like your sires resist till you conquer or die.
We ask not for aid from the Briton or Gaul,
We look but to heaven, to conquer or fall ;
And unfurl the bright banner of Freedom on high,
To advance should we conquer, to fall should we die.
Then let the dark hosts of Oppression advance,
And shrink from the conflict the Traitor of France.
We ask not his aid, or his sympathy claim ;

The deeds of our sires shall nurture our flame,
And armed for the struggle, though Oppression should
roll

His swarms from the desert, the mountain, and pole,
Undismayed in his path, all alone we would stand
The last bulwark of Freedom, and hope of the land.
Then arm ! For the cause of humanity rise ;
For Freedom confiding on your courage relies ;
And nations behold her bright banner unfurled,
With the hope that its folds may encircle the world.
Then rush to the conflict, in heaven confide,
Though the foemen roll on like the ocean's dark tide ;
For remember when Israel by Oppression was trod,
The waters rolled reflux at the mandate of God,
But returned overwhelming, with vengeance and wrath,
The fierce tyrants that rushed in the fugitives' path.
Remember Columbia in the shroud of the tomb,
After years of dense darkness, arose from its gloom,
Though the shades of adversity shrouded her o'er,
And the clouds of the carnage that crimsoned her shore ;
And refulgently beamed o'er the land of the west,
As the guide of the wronged to the home of their rest.
Oh ! fierce was the strife 'gainst the mightiest of earth,
When Liberty arose at her champion's birth,
And Columbia unaided rushed on to the strife,
And struck for her altars, her freedom, and life.

Then France not unmoved the stern conflict beheld,
 But rushed with her warriors in aid to the field,
 When clouds grew the darkest that lowered around,
 And freemen no respite from the fierce struggle found.
 Oh, then did her champion, though young for a chief,
 Bring glory to France, and to Freedom relief;
 And Columbia adorn with a chaplet of fame
 Inscribed with his own and with Washington's name.
 Oh! shame on her now, with her folly and pride,
 E'en tyrants in secret her actions deride;
 While boasting of freedom, she barter her fame,
 And the blood of her children, for injustice and shame;
 And a puppet exalts to be worshipped perchance
 As the heir to the glory and genius of France,
 Of the Hero who led her to victory on,
 And crowned her with trophies most gloriously won.
 He gave her his triumphs, he gave her his fame,
 But he gave not his genius or glory to shame.
 He illumined her councils with the light of his mind;
 To the deeds of her armies, her science he joined;
 And scattered o'er Europe the germs that now grow,
 When he struck down her tyrants, and their king-
 doms laid low.

Then look, fellow-freemen, to God and your right,
 Confiding to triumph o'er injustice and might,
 And rush to the conflict, though dark be the day,

Though ruin surround us with gloom and dismay.
For the day-star of hope from its darkness shall rise,
And all Europe respond to our victory cries ;
When back borne the Tyrant, like the Persian of old,
Shall, his cohorts subdued, with deep anguish behold,
And the fierce tide of nations in vengeance roll by,
While the smoke of his cities shall darken the sky,
And their ruins rise up o'er the desolate plain,
The rude wreck of their wrath, in the road of the slain,
That posterity shall show, as the vengeance of strife,
When Oppression and Freedom gaged battle for life.

Phila. August, 1849.

BATTLE OF ROTHERTHUM.

WELL is the battle now begun,
That northward rolls its furious tide,
Where tortured Pole and struggling Hun
The conquering hosts of Freedom guide.

Far from the North, Oppression poured
His lawless tribes to battle led,
While nations bowed beneath the sword
That wrath unsheathed and vengeance sped.

But hark ! the welkin rings again,
And nations rise to backward roll
O'er smouldering town and reeking plain,
The tide of battle to the pole.

A thousand pangs, a thousand wrongs,
In secret born, in silence nursed,
The theme of story, and of songs,
Foretold the tempest that shall burst.

And now the tocsin sounds at last ;
By Danube's wave, by Seine it peals,
O'er Georgia's heights, Siberia's waste,
Where'er a heart for freedom feels.

E'en curls the Moslem's lip of pride,
And boils his blood for vengeance deep ;
He longs to join the battle's tide,
And o'er his vanquished victor sweep.

Truth shall restore her heavenly light,
And Freedom's banner be unfurled,
Where dark Oppression rules in night,
And Slavery bows a bleeding world.

Thou titled Tyrant of mankind,
From Superstition's darkness sprung,
Where now shalt thou a refuge find,
From all the hearts for vengeance strung ?

Long hast thou chained the human race,
And fanned the flame of mortal strife ;
Thou'st trod triumphant to disgrace,
O'er kingdoms wrecked, and human life.

The bonds with wrongs so restless worn,
A nation's hoarded strength shall sever ;
And from thy grasp, in wrath be torn
Thy sceptre and thy crown for ever !

Natchez, June, 1849.

DEFENDERS OF COMORN.

BRAVE men ! on high your standards fly,
Though traitors have betrayed you ;
And tyrants still your souls defy,
Who would to slaves degrade you.

Thus firmly stand, the chosen band
That Freedom guides to glory,
And struggle for your native land,
Though Fortune's frowning o'er you.

The brewing storm has scarce a form,
A speck above the ocean,
And yours may be the magic charm,
To raise the world's commotion.

Proud Spain undone, Palayo won
While ruin reigned around him ;
And glorious deeds as e'er were done,
With fame and freedom crowned him.

Then strike for fame, your nation's name,
Her freedom, and her glory,
And blot from earth the blighting shame
That stains her page of story.

Phila., Oct. 1849.

MAGYAR'S HOPE.

"The day of regeneration cannot be distant, and the fury of our conquerors only hastens its dawn. Hope, which always remains with truth and justice, remains above all with her. Besides, the whole fabric of despotism, in Europe, stands on foundations of sand, worn ever more and more away by the rushing flood of Democratic ideas; and when it falls it will crush only kings and oppressors, and from its crumbling remains the liberated nations will rise, young and vigorous, for a new and happy career. And Hungary will rise with them."

UJHAZY.

YES, by the wrongs in anguish borne,
By the rights from freemen torn,
By the blood of martyrs shed,
By the gallant glorious dead,
By the nation's awful doom,
That cry for vengeance from the tomb,
Shall Freedom rise o'er Europe's plain,
And Justice burst the Tyrant's chain.

Yes, Maygars, hail the dawning day
When freemen's arms shall darkly pay
The deep, deep debt to tyrants due,
Who sacked your towns, your children slew,
And gave to vile vindictive rage

Fair woman's charms and hoary age,
And kindled high the patriot flame,
To light your glory and their shame.

Oh ! soon shall come the glad command,
To seek again your native land,
And burst Oppression's galling chain,
That ne'er shall bind your homes again.
Hope hails with joy the coming time,
When Justice o'er your native clime
Shall rear aloft the impartial sword,
To smite the Tyrant and his horde.

By Messenia's chieftain great,³⁷
By his country's mournful fate,
By Vanwinklereid who fell,
To break Oppression's iron spell,
By the blood of Warren shed,
And all Columbia's hallowed dead,
Who nobly here thy flag unfurled,
Triumphant 'mid a struggling world,

O Freedom ! from thy native sky,
While nations pour the plaintive cry,
And Vengeance blacks with flame and blood
The ruins of the wise and good ;

Again to man his rights restore,
Redress the wrongs his griefs deplore,
O'er all the earth thy glorious reign extend,
Truth, Justice prosper, and Oppression end.

Phila., Dec. 1849.

TO JOHN S. HART, ESQ.,

PRINCIPAL OF THE EDGEHILL ACADEMY, N. J.

WHEN the last splendor of retiring day
Sheds o'er the west its faint but fairest ray ;
The mournful bard, by stern misfortune driven,
With rapture turns to hail the smiles of heaven.
Oh, hadst but thou from childhood's happy date,
But led his steps to wisdom's fair estate ;
And taught him then celestial claims to view
In nature's mountains, or her morning dew ;
How brighter far had earth-born beauties been,
By fancy painted, when by genius seen ?
But fortune frowned, and folly led the way
From wisdom's path, to error's clouded sway.
His buoyant steps in rayless regions trod
From science' reign, and all the charms of God.
No mind enlightened, and no love sincere,
Stayed the dark progress of his young career.
Alone and lost on life's tempestuous wave
He saw not glory, o'er oblivion's grave ;
Till angry heaven from the clouded sky

Let the red vengeance of its fury fly ;
When quick through darkness flaming from afar,
Shone the bright radiance of her morning star ;
And all the powers of the soul within,
That had in darkness and in error been,
Lit by that ray, beheld the illumined mind,
Gazed on that star, and left the world behind.
But oh, how huge the angry billows rose
Like demons then his progress to oppose !
While darkening clouds, before the tempest driven,
Obscured the light that led his way to heaven.
But youthful genius, nurtured by thy care,
No ills like these in future life shall bear ;
Nor e'er misfortune's blighting curse control
The budding beauties of the aspiring soul.
Beneath thy sway fraternal love shall bloom ;
Charms that shall change the darkness of our doom ;
Buds that shall blush beneath their native sky,
To deck the wreath that science hangs on high.
But where will genius, from its heavenly height,
Turn to the scenes remembered with delight ;
And soar with rapture from its lofty sphere,
To pay the tribute of devotion's tear ?
Where will the bard, when slow his strains shall swell
With pensive numbers from his plaintive shell,
Turn with the tear of transport in his eye,

To sound the notes of softest symphony ?
Where, but to thee, the guardian of their youth,
That ever guided, through the paths of truth,
To honor's prize, at glory's glittering goal,
The charm of wisdom, and the aspiring soul ?
Yes, oft will genius towering in her flight,
Stoop to the scenes remembered with delight,
Gaze o'er the past, and all those charms renew,
Where science' buds first blossomed to her view.
Then turn to bless thy life's last lingering ray,
Still faintly flickering in its mortal clay,
And strew thy pathway through the vale of years,
With flowers moistened with affection's tears.

Natchez, Jan. 1841.

ELEGY

TO THE MEMORY OF A LADY OF PHILADELPHIA.

“Oh! ever beauteous, ever friendly, tell,
Is it in heaven a crime to love too well?”

POPE.

YE in the spring of life, whose hearts are gay,
Who tread exulting on your flowery way,
Where swelling buds that future fruits foretell,
Invite your visions and your hopes to dwell,
Oh! yet while on your cheek the bloom appears,
And beam your eyes undimmed by sorrow's tears,
Chase the bright phantoms that your hopes employ,
And reap the raptures of a promised joy ;
For ah ! when clasped those fleeting forms evade
The soft embrace, and vanished into shade.
Bright be your hopes, and sweet the fruits they bring,
With oft returns to all the charms of spring.
O'er your bright path may ne'er the tempest blast
Too rudely rush, or darkening clouds be cast,
To waste the fruits, or crush the budding flowers
That deck your pathway, and delight your hours.
Oh ! were it mine, upon your forms divine,

One heavenly radiance should for ever shine ;
And all the bliss that earth could e'er impart,
Should charm your vision, and delight your heart.
But ah ! how rudely doth the storm reveal
The bleeding hearts of agony that feel
The treasured love, for years in silence nursed,
By the rude shock of disappointment cursed,
And all that once was beautiful and fair
Sink the sad wreck of anguish and despair—
Thorns, brambles spring where flowers bloomed before,
Bright hope departs, and joy beams no more ;
Faith, love, and constancy together go
With poignant pain, and unremitting woe,
And the fond heart, with heaven's ethereal fires,
Sinks to the grave, and with its grief expires.

O ye who nursed the only hope of years,
With anxious joys and alternate fears ;
Saw the young form increasing grace disclose
In active vigor, or in sweet repose ;
Beheld your cares in ripening years repaid
By woman's bliss, in woman's charms arrayed,
Devoted duty bound by filial love,
And all that e'er a parent soul could move ;
Ye felt the pang, but ye can ne'er reveal
The poignant griefs not future years can heal ;

When o'er the bright spirit of that cherished form,
Passed the dark shadow of the blighting storm ;
And sank untimely, in meridian bloom,
'Mid shrouding sorrow, to the silent tomb,
The cherished solace of your future years,
That change to anguish, and returned but tears.

The grave has closed upon the early dead,
And bitter tears have o'er that grave been shed ;
But deep are the slumbers of the dead who sleep
And ne'er shall wake, nor know the tears ye weep.
Closed, and for ever, are those beaming eyes,
Love's brilliant temple, and its paradise !
And that crushed heart, within its dark retreat,
Shall feel no more its pulse, or its heat.
The birds will come, with the return of spring,
And to that tomb their vocal offering bring ;
There sylvan songs will swell in every grove,
Their little hearts will throb with ardent love ;
And on the boughs, where hangs their little nest,
They'll find a home, a refuge, and a rest ;
And with the dawn of morning's earliest ray,
They'll plume their pinions, and attune their lays,
And lure aloft, while hovering in the sky,
Their timid young on trembling wings to fly.
The spring's bright blossoms on that grave will bloom,

And weeping nature beautify her tomb ;
But these will fade, and lingering wither there
Where bloomed their beauty to perfume the air ;
And winter rude will o'er their dwelling sweep,
Where buried beauty with the flowers sleep,
And 'mid the moan of wailing winds and sleet,
Enshroud their relics with his winding-sheet.
And that fair form, within its house of clay,
Shall never greet the glories of the day ;
Shall ne'er inhale the morn's refreshing breeze,
Nor view the springtime foliage of the trees ;
Shall never crop the blooming flowers that bear
Their fragrant odors to perfume the air ;
Shall never hear the warbler's swelling voice
Make blooming bowers and the woods rejoice ;
But there for ever 'neath the incumbent sod
That form shall rest—its spirit with its God.

And he, whose strains in mournful tunes have sung
The sad misfortunes of the fair and young ;
And died unheeded in the morning blast,
That o'er the wreck of cherished prospects past,
As fragrant odors breathed by dying flowers
Crushed by the breath of Winter's chilling hours—
E'en he will sleep as sleeps the early dead,
Whose hopes have perished, and whose hearts have bled ;

Or to his grave deploring beauty come,
To bring her offering, and bedew his tomb ;
But, lowly laid within his humble grave,
The rank wild grass will o'er his relics wave,
And, whispering sighs unto the midnight air,
Sing the sad dirge of him who slumbers there

Phila., Feb. 23, 1851.

THE MESSAGE.

Go tell them that I am not dead,
Though hope is faint, and youth has fled ;
And o'er the wreck of love and years,
Remain but bitter pangs and tears.
Go tell them that my heart was gay,
That flowers thronged my happy way ;
That earth to me was bright and fair,
With love and rapture everywhere ;
That Nature formed my soul for love
Of all that's bright in heaven above,
Of all that's fair on earth below ;
And bade me on my journey go,
And gather all the rapture here,
That makes an Eden of our sphere.
And I went forth with childish glee ;
I saw the wild flower and the bee ;
I saw the busy wanderer fly
To opening buds of every dye.
I said to him, " the world is fair,
You freely wander everywhere,

And all the sweets of nature share.”
“Oh ! yes, but moths invade our store,
And then we grieve, and toil no more.”
I saw the moth, a beauteous thing,
Float by upon its downy wing ;
It seemed as happy as could be,
Said I, “the world is fair to thee.”
“Oh ! yes, the world is very dear,
And all is bright and pleasant here ;
But treach’rous things that ne’er can share
The bliss we feel, our lives ensnare.”
And as she spoke, fast in a net,
Her gaudy wings she heedless set ;
And struggling wildly, round and round,
Her wings in webs she firmly bound.
When from his lair the spider came,
And gazed exulting on his game.
I cried, “You ugly ! cruel thing !
What ills upon the earth you bring !
What harm did that poor little fly,
That thus you should it doom to die ?”
He looked askant : “Pray, who are you ?
And what have you with me to do ?
My Master taught me how to weave,
My net to spread, and where to leave.
And he is wise, and he is good,

To send to me this simple food.”
Just as he spoke, a wasp flew by,
He caught the spider’s eager eye,
And as he reckless stopped to light,
He feigned to feel a horrid fright;
He flapped his wings, and round he flew,
As though he’d break the web in two.
“Ha ! ha !” the spider cried with glee,
“ You now belong, Sir Wasp, to me.”
With that, he went the wasp to wind
Within his web, and firmer bind.
But as he strove, with cautious way,
He found himself the mason’s prey,
Who thus addressed his artful foe :
“ You, spider, shall to prison go ;
Within my house, my little brood
Will spring to life, and find their food ;
And I have built thy prison well,
And one adjoining every cell,
Of tempered clay, securely made,
Where I my embryo young have laid.”
With that, away the mason flew,
And I from this the moral drew :
Behold the spider, wasp, and bee,
God cares for them as well as thee ;
He fitted each for worldly strife,

And gave them wisdom with their life,
Each to its sphere adapted well ;
But why so fitted none can tell.
It is enough for man to know
That Wisdom rules o'er all below,
That 'tis for mortals to obey,
Not ask the why of Nature's way ;
That God directs, and all things tend,
As he designed—unto his end.

Phila., 1850.

GOD'S WISDOM.

ONE end alike to all will come,
 'Tis Wisdom's wise decree.
Ah! who would shun the silent doom
 That sets the spirit free;
When severed from each earthly form,
 And unpolluted fly,
Above the world's obscuring storm,
 Our spirits to the sky.

For, oh! believe in God supreme,
 In wisdom, and in love;
Nor Mercy as a demon deem
 Descended from above;
That God's own spirit breathed in man,
 Can ne'er polluted be,
But stainless as it first began,
 Lives to eternity!

Go, wing thy flight to realms on high,
 Through worlds unnumbered rove;

See endless systems in the sky,
God's wisdom and his love ;
And learn what mortals ne'er can teach ;
The holy faith that's given
To aid thy soul on high to reach
And fix its hope on heaven.

Louisville, May, 1851.

HAPPINESS.

“Happiness is the thing adapted to our present condition, and to the nature of our being, as a compound of body and soul; it is sought for by various means, and with great eagerness; but it often lies much more within our reach than we are apt to imagine: it is not to be found in the possession of great wealth, of great power, of great dominions, of great splendor, or the unbounded indulgence of any one appetite or desire; but it is to be found in moderate possessions, with a heart tempered by religion and virtue, for the enjoyment of that which God has bestowed upon us.”

CRABE.

TEACH, oh, teach my soul to feel

Thy all-pervading power;

Illume it with thy holy light,

In every waking hour;

And let me know my station here,

My duty unto Thee,

The peaceful path to yonder sphere,

Through meek humility.

Oh! purify me for the bliss

That Thou canst here bestow;

And let this torn and bleeding heart

Thy hallowing influence know.

Oh ! let it joined in holy love,
Still Thee in bliss adore ;
And while from earth it looks above,
Still love thee more and more.

For Thou, O Lord, hast ne'er denied
Thy bounties to my race,
But each and all, through every age,
Have owned Thy heavenly grace.

While to Thy humblest creatures here,
I see Thy bliss extend,
While through the glorious universe,
To it I view no end.

Oh ! let me not my being curse,
Thy offerings here discard ;
But grateful take Thy proffered gifts,
Thy sacred treasure guard.

And, with Thy blessings, let me make
A heavenly mansion here,
Where Thou shalt rule with love supreme,
Through every rolling year.

Then teach my soul to soar on high,
When death its ties shall sever,
To seek Thee in its native sky,
To live, and love for ever !

Natchez, Feb. 1849.

MY HOME.

THE wide world is my home,
And my spirit is as free,
As the rapid winds that roam
O'er the ripples of the sea.

I wing my silent way,
And utter not a sound,
As I shed a transient ray
On the budding beauties round ;

But thank the power above,
Who placed my dwelling here,
And gave the dower of love,
As the blessing of my sphere ;

For I'm happy in my dream,
And the endowment, by my birth,
Of the countless boons that teem
In the treasures of the earth.

Oh, I love the laughing eye,
And the smiling lip of love,
And the dimpled cheek with dye
Like the rosy beams above.

And I love the merry voice,
With the fairy feet that come,
When the happy hearts rejoice
In the treasures of their home.

Oh, I would not give this earth,
With its beauties bright and fair,
With their souls of love and mirth,
For the regions of the air.

Let seraphs roam the sky,
And worship in their sphere,
But let me never die
In my happy dwelling here ;

And I'll never ask to soar
Where angels fear to tread ;
But for ever will adore
Where my soul shall never dread.

And the light of woman's eye,
With her beams of love and mirth,
Shall be the elysian sky,
And the heaven of my earth.

TO MISS CLAY.

THE sun may depart, and his splendor may fade,
And dark tempests gather where his glories have
played.

Yet still 'neath the storm, though concealed by its
wrath,

Rolls that sun with its brightness, undimmed in its
path.

And thus, in this life though malignant may rave
The whirlwinds that sweep o'er the good and the
brave,

Yet more bright will their light, like that planet,
appear,

When the tempest has passed, and the heaven is clear.

Then cheer thee, sweet flower, though dark be the
gloom

That hangs o'er thy brightness, and shadows thy
bloom ;

For the radiance of virtues, like the lustre of day,
Will beam on thy prospects, and brighten thy way.

And oh, when the germs of that beautiful form
So clouded by sorrow, and shadowed by storm,
Shall unfold to the radiance of virtues on high,
May they bloom with a beauty that never shall die.

May they brighten the pathway of glory on earth,
Exalted by genius, by honor, and worth ;
And inspire the spirits that exultingly vie,
With virtue to live, or with glory to die.

Louisville, Sept., 1850.

NANNETTE.

THE happy scenes of youth will fade,
And you will then forget
The tune that once for me you played,
When you were young, Nannette.

You'll think of youth's glad sunny day,
You wished would never set,
When you could laugh, and laughing play,
And happy be, Nannette!

But thou hast one bright gem in store,
Where every beam is met,
To be when youthful charms are o'er,
A treasure to Nannette.

Oh! keep the heart that nature gave,
Within thy bosom yet,
As the pure pearl beneath the wave,
A blessing to Nannette.

And when the storms of life shall sweep,
Will come no sad regret,

But sweet and tranquil will she sleep,
The innocent Nannette !

And when thy dream of earth is o'er,
And life's bright sun has set, . .
With love, to heaven will joyous soar
The spirit of Nannette !

Louisville, Sept. 1850.

ON REVISITING LEXINGTON.

I LOOKED o'er the lawn where in boyhood I played,
I gazed 'neath the grove where an idler I strayed,
But no young forms were there, and no shouting and
 glee
Rolled back o'er my soul, from the grove or the lea.

I roved by the school-room where young hearts were
 gay,
Where the first beams of beauty illumined my lay ;
When my soul, 'neath the spell of their magical powers,
First breathed its soft notes, like the fragrance from
 flowers.

But silence pervaded that hall, and each scene
Where the happy had sported,—the lovely had been ;
And no light from the bright and the beautiful came
To illumine my spirit, and rekindle its flame.

Then I turned to the "Meadows," to view the fair
 flowers

That had smiled on my pathway, and brightened my
hours.

But affection had culled them ; the flowers, full blown,
Had been borne to its temple, to encircle its throne.

Sad scenes of the pleasures, now fading away,
Of the warm hearts whose ardor once brightened my
way,

I behold thy bright prospects of boyhood depart,
But the charms of thy Beauty still dwell in my heart ;

And the harp that her radiance awakened to fame,
Still resounds with her virtues, and re-echoes her name ;
The sweet spell of its song, and the theme of its story,
That enkindled with rapture, and guided to glory.

Louisville, April, 1851.

MUSINGS BY THE SEA.

THOUGH ills surround, and pains abound,
The world is ever turning;
And Hope as bright, with beaming light,
Is still for ever burning.

Though clouds awhile obscure her smile,
Dull darkness o'er us throwing,
Yet still her beams, in Fancy's dreams,
Are all as brightly glowing.

When Carrie's ray illumed my way,
The world was fair before me;
And Beauty shone for me alone,
With all her radiance o'er me;

But darkness came, and beauty's flame,
With all its beams, departed;
I saw it die—I heaved a sigh—
And wiped the tear that started.

The past is gone—the ray that shone,
 May never shine again ;
Yet still as bright, Hope sheds her light,
 And Fancy holds her reign.

And I am as free, as the boundless sea,
 The world is wide before me,
And the stars on high, in the beauteous sky,
 Are sweetly smiling o'er me.

Shieldsborough, Mi., May, 1845.

MUSINGS BY THE ROAD.

UPON the coast my freedom boast,
Was phantom most deceiving;
By Sorrow bound in fetters round,
My soul is ever grieving.

Of all bereft, scarce Hope is left,
That beacon of my being.
E'en through the night stern spectres fright,
That Fancy's ever seeing.

Ah, what is life with such a strife
My soul for ever tearing?
'Tis scarcely worth its pristine earth—
'Tis scarcely worth the wearing.

But let it last, we may not cast
Away the doubtful treasure.
It yet may be unfettered, free,
The future's fondest pleasure.

Then Hope, awhile my soul beguile,
With fancy, paint thy vision ;
In colors bright, with pure delight
Disclose thy loved Elysian.

I still may rove thy Paphian grove,
I still may tune my lyre,
The only gift by Beauty left,
To last till life expire.

And oh ! should then a lingering note
Around its chords forsaken float ;
And nymphs and naiads gather there,
To twine with wreaths their golden hair ;
May all its tone of sweetness tell
To Beauty's ear that loved it well,
The secret charm, the magic power,
Of Fayette's fairest "Meadow" Flower.

Pearlington, Mi., May, 1845.

I WILL REMEMBER THEE.

WHEN eyes were bright, and steps were light,
That trod the flowery lea ;
And throbbed the heart that grieved to part,
I then remembered thee.

When brows were fair, and golden hair
Rolled down in ringlets free ;
Or roses bound with wreaths around,
I then remembered thee.

When beauty's breast, by friendship pressed,
Heaved like the swelling sea,
And crimson cheek did glowing speak,
I then remembered thee.

When crystal tears that love endears,
Did from their fountains flee ;
And rapture's sigh in sorrow die,
I then remembered thee.

When time had sped the hopes that fled,
With joy that ne'er can be ;
I sighed in vain, with secret pain,
And still remembered thee.

When beauty's bloom, through sorrow's gloom,
My lingering soul shall see,
Ere flees to death my struggling breath,
I will remember thee.

OH! THEN REMEMBER ME!

WHEN fades afar the guiding star
O'er life's uncertain sea ;
And billows dark bear on the bark,
Oh ! then remember me !

When lightnings flash, when forests crash,
And shrieking eagles flee ;
When mountains mock the thunder's shock,
Oh ! then remember me !

When howling loud, with lowering cloud,
Like dreadful drapery,
The winds shall sweep the raging deep,
Oh ! then remember me !

When through the storm, the vessel's form
Flits fast and fearfully,
With riven mast, before the blast,
Oh ! then remember me !

When winds shall cease, and waves in peace,
With murmuring melody,
Sigh round the shore they shook before,
Oh ! then remember me !

When on the reef with silent grief,
Thy tearful eye shall see
The shattered wreck, deserted deck,
Oh ! then remember me !

TO MRS. L**** P***.

THOU hast come to my soul like the sweet smile of spring,
When the bright flowers bloom, and the wild birds sing,
And the zephyrs' breath, with their rich perfume,
Bears the warbler's song through the sylvan gloom.

Thou hast come to my soul like a morning beam,
To the rushing waves of a mountain stream,
When they dash o'er the rocks on their rugged way,
With their laughing noise, and their dancing spray.

Thou hast come to my soul like a vision bright,
To a pilgrim lost in the gloom of night,
When an angel form guides his lonely way,
To undying love and eternal day.

Thou hast come like the spell of my early years ;
Like the smile of love through her falling tears ;
As the blush of morn with its gems bedewed,
To a heart revived and a hope renewed.

And bright in the depths of this spirit shall dwell,
With thy beauty concealed as the pearl in its shell,
A devotion undying, that for ever shall keep
Thy form in this heart, as that pearl in the deep.

Lenox, Mass., August, 1851.

THE FIRST WOMAN.

WITHOUT the fond and dutiful,
The lovely, and the wise,
With soul as good, as beautiful,
An angel from the skies,
Oh, what were earth ? since Eden bowers,
No joy to Adam gave,
Till Eve appeared among the flowers,
Like Venus from the wave !

Yes, earth with all its virgin charms,
But bloomed for man in vain,
Till Adam clasped within his arms,
The antidote of pain !
Then nature seemed with beauty clad,
And bliss was everywhere ;
Such was the spell that woman had,
When first appeared the fair.

Then fragrance breathed from every flower,
And every bird did sing,

And cloudless passed the blissful hours,
As one perpetual spring ;
So nature bloomed when Beauty came,
Like sunbeams from above,
To light the soul's immortal flame
With an undying love !

Then Beauty's breast was like the deep,
When all is clear on high,
And calmly mirrored in it sleep
The glories of the sky ;
And on her cheek the crimson glow
Of nature's rosy hue,
When morn reflects on all below,
Her blushes bathed in dew.

Then brightly from her soft blue eye,
As love's cerulean throne,
The spotless spirit of the sky,
With heavenly radiance shone ;
And as the morn through vernal showers,
Thus robed with golden hair,
And unadorned, in Eden bowers,
First blushed the blooming fair !

Louisville, May, 1851.

THE DECEIVED.

How soon doth the soul from its vision awake,
And love its last flight from the sad spirit take,
When it views the deceiver disclosed in his guile,
And a curse curl the lips that were wreathed with a
 smile.

Oh ! thus it is ever when, too faithful, the trust
Is received by the selfish, and trodden to dust ;
It dreamed but of joy, it lived but for bliss,
But awakened exchanges for curses, each kiss.

How fondly it doted ? how confiding believed ?
While worth passed in silence, and hope was deceived.
Oh ! thus it is ever, and thus it will be,
When passion rules Beauty, and folly's set free.

Too late will the fair in their sorrow discern,
Where wisdom should govern, and beauty should learn ;
That the soul of devotion and virtue stands firm,
Where the sycophant crouches and crawls as the worm.

And at last when deceived to the truth she returns,
How remorseful the anguish of memory burns?
To behold the bright gems that she spurned in her
 pride,
Her soul wed to evil—a fiend at her side ;

The taunt of each foe, at her triumph that grieved,
Who envied her beauty, her rapture believed ;
With only this solace her grief to restrain,
The pity of goodness that grieves at her pain.

Take heed of the serpents that crawl but to climb,
Whose pathway is marked with the sycophant's slime,
Where the gay and the heedless unconscious may stray,
And fall though the prudent should point out the way.

Phila., Dec. 1849.

THE WOUNDED SOUL.

I WOULD not wound the spirit
That is wedded to its woe ;
I would not hide the merit
Of the bleeding heart I know ;

But a soothing balm I'd pour ;
And a blessing I would bring,
To shed its brightness o'er
This sweet flower of the spring.

The clouds I would dispel ;
And the beauty of this flower,
In its brightness should excel,
And the virtues of its power.

I would cherish it for aye
From the fountain of my heart ;
And my spirit's brightest ray
From it never should depart ;

For the wounded soul is mine ;
And its agony I know,
For the sorrows that are thine,
Feed the fountain of its woe.

Natchez, Feb. 1849.

TO A COQUETTE.

WHEN thou shalt from thy dream awake,
And see the thing thou art,
'Twill more than scorn thy spirit sting—
'Twill break thy bleeding heart!

Thou wilt as in a mirror see
What once was deemed most fair,
Reflected from its surface smooth,
The image of despair.

Disrobed of Art's false tinsels then,
Whose charms no more will cheat,
Thou'lt learn that all that Virtue gave,
Is blighted by deceit.

And all the votive offerings then,
That Flattery may bring,
Will add but anguish to thy pang,
As poison to the sting.

In vain did Candor plainly speak,
In vain did Friendship plead,
'Twas thine to scorn what Mercy sent,
To suffer and to bleed !

Go, Pity's tears may flow for thee,
And Friendship silent sigh,
To see to ruin virtues fall,
Once fitted for the sky ;

To hear the taunt of bitter Scorn,
Pride's triumph in thy fall,
While Pity's pensive silent look
Adds anguish to thy gall.

I would have borne thee up to heaven,
From hell's dark depths below,
And changed to thee an angel's bliss,
For all a demon's woe.

Then, in the dark and dreadful storm
That o'er thy soul shall sweep,
Recall the guardian spirit's form
That warned thee of the deep.

And own thy own perverted pride,
Kept from their native sky,
The noblest charms of woman's worth,
To suffer and to die !

Louisville, May, 1851.

TO THE BEAUTY OF A DREAM.

ADIEU ! my dear delusive dream,
The stars still smile above me,
That beaming eyes of angels seem
To pity and to love me.

The world's deceit may crush my heart,
And down to earth may bear me ;
But never shall the syren's art
From dreams of rapture tear me.

Though but in sport she win true worth
A moment to devotion ;
And whisper vows with secret mirth,
Unfeeling of emotion ;

Yet will the soul, unsullied, rise
To beauties far above it,
The smiling angels in the skies,
To pity and to love it.

Then fare thee well ! thy syren art
That once with magic bound it,
Shall ne'er again deceive my heart,
Or with thy charms surround it.

Louisville, April 28th, 1841.

THE SOUL.

O YES, 'tis the soul that, for ever the same,
Beams on, with its brightness, through glory and shame ;
And cheers, with its charms, and the spell of its power,
The heart that is cast in its desolate hour ;

That lingers for aye round its idol of love,
Though beam not a ray from its heaven above ;
And clings, with devotion that will never depart,
An angel of mercy round its desolate heart.

Oh ! give me a soul that can feel for my own,
That will dwell in this bosom as its temple and throne,
And beam, on its altar, the vestal of love,
Though ruin reign round, and the tempest above ;

That in brightness will linger, in beauty beam on ;
When the syren has faded, and her triumphs have gone
And but anguish remains, while her glories depart,
To shroud with its darkness a desolate heart.

Phila., August, 1850.

TO ———.

THOU art my soul, my idol, and my song,
All that of heaven to human hearts belong.
I gaze on thee, and o'er my spirit beam
The rays angelic of a holy dream,
Where all of earth and all of heaven combine,
That can in human make thy sex divine.

Oh ! let me worship at so pure a shrine,
My love the offering, and my spirit thine ;
And dwell on earth, of heaven unenvious grown,
My mind thy sceptre, and my heart thy throne ;
Where thou, the goddess of my soul supreme,
Shalt dwell the angel of that holy dream.

Natchez, Jan. 1851.

FORGET THEE?

FORGET thee? never! years may roll away,
Sweet pleasures pass, and hope itself decay;
But 'mid the wreck that time and grief shall bring,
Thy smiling image round my heart shall cling,
And memory still my sweetest solace be,
While life remains, and love remembers thee.

Oh! can the heart forget its early love,
The planets cease their radiance from above,
The buds to bloom beneath the ardent sun,
Or youth to worship ere its hope is won?
As soon the spirit of immortal light,
Its beams extinguish in eternal night.

No, no, the immortal soul must die;
Its home, the planets in the boundless sky;
Earth's beauties cease, and all their vernal bloom
For ever vanish in chaotic gloom;
And death the face of ruined nature shade,
Ere love shall perish, or thine image fade.

Lenox, Mass., July, 1851.

TO MISS H. E. S. OF BOSTON.

WHEN winter's rude blast o'er the mountains shall blow ;
And, enrobed like a bride, in her mantle of snow,
New England lie wrapped, with her hill and her dale,
Concealed in the folds of her beautiful veil,
Then far, far away from the sweet myrtle grove,
Where the mocking-bird sings by the nest of the dove,
Will I come to the clime where thy presence shall be
As the sunlight of heaven and beauty to me !

Oh ! yes, though the birds from thy bowers depart,
All lonely and silent as the depths of my heart ;
And winter's rude blasts through the leafless boughs
 sigh,
As he howls o'er the mountains, and darkens the
 sky,
Yet, loved one, that light that illumines the soul,
That glows at the equator and shines at the pole,
Will make the blest spot where thy presence shall be,
More lovely than Eden—a heaven to me !

Then list when the wild winds of winter shall sweep,
And thou on thy pillow sink softly to sleep ;
And remember my spirit, and invisible form,
Is hid in the darkness, and borne on the storm ;
That I flee from the world, from its treacherous tide,
Its wealth and ambition, its folly and pride,
To my beacon of life, to the noble and free ;
To my Eden on earth—to my heaven in thee !

Cinn., September, 1851.

THE GARDEN.

AN ALLEGORY.

A GARDEN sprung in a lonely vale,
Its bright buds bowed to the passing gale ;
And warbling birds, with their plumage gay,
Sang their carols wild through the livelong day ;
And the first bright beams of the sun that rose,
Roused the slumbering buds from their sweet repose ;
And zephyrs' breath, from their bosoms fair,
Shook the dazzling dewdrops that were revelling there,
And bore the sweets of the ravished flowers,
Through the sylvan shades of the forest bowers.
The wild buds woke with a joyous glee,
And danced like the waves of a beauteous sea,
With their varied hues of the brightest dye,
Reflected far through the summer sky.
And seraphs gazed on that Eden sight,
With its heavenly charms, and its beauty bright ;
And the wild bird's song through the region clear,
Arose with its strains to the seraphs' ears.

And angel forms round that garden flew,
That far in the depths of the forest grew,
Where the lingering sun of the closing day,
Shed the brightest hues of his parting rays.
So years passed by, and that garden sprung,
Where the wild bee hummed, and the bright birds sung.
But the rude beasts came to that garden fair ;
And the rose-bud grew as the serpent's lair :
Then the violets ceased, with their rich perfume
Through the sylvan grots of the forest gloom ;
And the rose-buds ceased, and each fragrant flower
That had sprung in the midst of that garden bower.
The wild birds fled from its cool retreat,
And its flowery shade from the noonday heat.
And the eagle's cry and the vulture's scream
Were the omens left of that fairy dream.
So that spot was left as a desert waste,
By the withering breath of the simoom blast ;
And naught remained of that garden fair
Save a lonely tree in the desert there ;
For the birds were gone, and the flowers were dead,
And the beasts afar from that place had fled.
But still that tree in the desert grew—
A lonely bird to its branches flew.
Its song was sweet as a seraph's tone,
It dwelt in that tree, and that tree alone ;

And it warbled wild, with its mimic mirth,
As a woodbine sprung from the barren earth—
Around that trunk, and around that tree,
That woodbine grew, with the wild-bird's glee,
And formed in that waste, with the tree and its flower,
The loveliest spot for a wild bird's bower.

TO A BIRD.

My bonny bird, 'tis bliss to me,
To see thee in thy sphere ;
To hear thee hail, with happy glee,
The beauties of the year.

For, oh ! I never met with one
So sprightly and so bright ;
Whose plumage gave unto the sun
Such hues of heavenly light ;

Whose voice sounds so sweet to me ;
Whose beauties are so rare—
My bonny bird, with thee I'd flee,
And all thy rapture share.

From grove to grove we'd wing our way,
Each bower a home would be ;
And with the morning's earliest ray,
I'd swell my song to thee.

And when his light far in the west
 Would melt in tears away,
Ere sank thy smiling soul to rest,
 I'd pour to thee my lay.

And when the moon was 'mid the sky,
 And all was still and clear,
Oh ! then, my sweetest song I'd try,
 To captivate thine ear.

No sombre clouds should shroud our sky,
 Nor e'er should fade our flowers ;
We'd fly from winter's wrath away,
 Afar to southern bowers.

Far away to the sunny clime
 Where grows the myrtle grove,
Where blooms the orange and the lime,
 On rapid wings we'd rove.

And to some island of the deep,
 Where purling streamlets flow,
Where scented breezes sighing sweep,
 And buds for ever blow ;

Where heaven serenely smiles above,
 And all is bright around ;

Where naught is heard but songs of love,
And scenes of bliss abound;

Oh ! there, my bonny bird, should be
My heaven ! and thy home !
And from that Eden of the sea,
I'd never, never roam !

Phila., 1850.

TO MISS L. V. W.

OF PHILADELPHIA.

OH ! linger, loved lassie, bright bird of the north !
Flee not afar till the flowers put forth.
Ah ! why will ye wander in winter away ?
Cold, cold is your climate—come, sweet lassie, stay.

The peach trees are budding—the roses in bloom—
The sunshine's succeeding to coldness and gloom—
The busy bee buzzes—the humming-bird flies—
The mock-bird his song in his sweet bower tries.

Then give us, sweet lassie, oh ! grant us awhile,
That eye with its light, and that lip with its smile !
Come dwell with the bird, and the bee, and the flower,
The brightest, and sweetest, in their own sunny bower.

The spring buds will blossom—the blithe birds will
come—
The apple be fragrant as the peach or the plum—

The jessamine twine round the forest tall tree ;
And all nature be blooming with beauty for thee !

Then linger, loved lassie, bright bird of the north !
Till thy smile be reflected from heaven and earth,
And the hues of the morn, and the even shall vie
With the glow on thy cheek, and the light in thine eye !

Natchez, Feb. 22, 1849.

FAREWELL.

FAREWELL to thee, fairest,
Thou brightest and best,
Farewell to the dearest,
Beloved and blest,
Farewell to the spirit of goodness and beauty,
Sweet idol of friendship, devotion, and duty.

Thou'lt go like the bright star
Of evening above,
Thou wilt wander afar
To thy dwelling of love,
And bear to the Elysium thy being hath blest,
The rapture thy radiance hath shed o'er the west.

And the soul of devotion
Will follow thy ray,
As its guide o'er the ocean
The light of its way,
To the Eden of beauty, the bower of worth,
The brightest, the sweetest, the dearest of earth.

Where the sounds that betoken
Thy triumph, shall swell
Till this spirit be broken,
Or its virtues excel,
And the fame of the lone one survive with his story,
Inscribed with thy virtues, and bright with thy glory.

Natchez, March, 1849.

THE CHANGE.

I CANNOT blame thy coldness now ;
I know my humble state,
Though gazing once upon thy brow,
I struggled with my fate.

Oh ! then 'twas sweet to think of thee,
Amid a world of woe ;
And through its clouds of sorrow see
Thy ray of rapture glow.

I deemed not then how soon would fade
That light of heaven away ;
That gloomy clouds the scene would shade,
And night succeed the day.

I dreamed when all was darkness round,
That star still shone on high—
I woke—and with my vision found
It vanished from the sky !

And where sweet spring had flowers strown,
And all was bright and fair ;
Where birds and bees had fondly flown
Along the scented air ;

The chilling blast of winter blew,
The forest murmured round,
And far and wide the dead leaves flew,
Rolled rustling on the ground.

Thus from my vision roused, I wake,
And calmly view thee now ;
While winter's blasts too rudely break
Upon my furrowed brow.

Thy brilliant ray can never light
The darkness of this soul ;
Can ne'er dispel the clouds of night
That o'er its ruin roll.

But precious gem of beauty rare,
Thou brightest and the best !
Go, with thy heavenly radiance share
The blessings of the blest.

And let your rays united shine
O'er all the beauteous earth,
To light unto the holy shrine
Of virtue, love, and worth !

Phila., Oct. 1849.

THE ANSWER.

YES, hope has fled, ambition's dead,
There's nothing now to cheer me,
But all was bright, with beauty's light,
When thou, sweet girl, wert near me.

I brought thee flowers from lovely bowers,
That breathed their odors round thee ;
I brought the lays of other days,
And smiling ever found thee.

Oh ! why so strange, so cold a change ?
The heaven is clear above thee ;
And thou art bright as the morning light,
To the faithful hearts that love thee.

Ah, is it I alone must sigh ?
Oh ! is it I must grieve thee ?
Then shall depart, this saddened heart,
That sighs so soon to leave thee.

But here 'twill bear, with constant care,
The charms that once could cheer me—
The inspiring light of beauty bright,
When thou, sweet girl, wert near me !

Phila., May 15, 1850.

PERISHED HOPES.

LIFE fades ; love, hope, and faith depart ;
And now the shades of darkness close
Around my ruined heart.
No longer now the sweet repose,
My bleeding spirit knows,
That lulled it in its early years,
Unconscious of its woes.

But time, like magic, brings to light
What was before unknown ;
And shrouds the brightest things in night,
That once we called our own.

In earlier years, when love, and fame
Gave music to my lyre,
Ambition sought a sounding name,
And beauty's kindling fire ;

But thorns have sprung where myrtles grew,
The thistles oust the bay ;
For sorrow o'er the enchantment threw
Its darkness, and decay.

Not e'en the ivy springs to light,
To twine the mouldering wall ;
For friendship slumbers 'neath the night
That shrouds with ruin all.

So fade the hopes of early years ;
So disappointment's chill
E'en freezes up the fountain tears
Of feeling's deepest rill ;

And, with its blighting winter breath,
Breathes o'er the blooming bowers,
Where hope and youth once twined their wreath
Of fancy's fairest flowers.

Thus let them fade, and withering die,
Since feeling now is dead ;
And hope no more essays to fly,
Or rear its drooping head.

Thus let oblivion o'er them sweep—
We all have but to die ;
And side by side forgotten sleep—
A wreck of nations lie.

Phila., Sept. 1849.

TO SUE.

WHEN fancy has fled, and the spirit is dead,
That was true to devotion and duty ;
The heart will no more the bright idol adore,
That it worshipped in the temple of beauty.

And mute will remain, that spirit in pain,
That awoke with the fondest emotion ;
And poured its soft lays to the beautiful rays
That enkindled its flame of devotion.

Then, lady, farewell ! for ne'er can that spell,
Those strains from this spirit awaken,
That slumbers apart, o'er the desolate heart
That remains 'mid its ruin, forsaken.

No light will return, o'er the altar to burn,
Where that heart in its ruin reposes ;
For what will illumine the dark night of the tomb,
That the spirit of sorrow incloses ?

Oh ! yes, there's a light that illumines the night,
That brings the bright rays of the morrow,
That beams on the heart when all others depart,
And remains with the spirit of sorrow.

Then let me arise to the glorious prize,
With a heart of devotion and duty;
And worship, afar, that heavenly star !
That illumines the temple of beauty.

Phila., August, 1850.

THE STAR OF LOVE.

With time, this heart may callous grow,
Be dead to love's emotion ;
The very sorrows cease to flow,
That nourished its devotion.

This brow by care be furrowed o'er ;
This soul with anguish shaded ;
Its towering pride that sought to soar,
Down to the dust degraded.

With time the hopes may withering die,
Deep in this soul dejected ;
That once, like planets of the sky,
Shone from its depths reflected.

Then oh ! how sad to think it now,
Of all the ills before me,
To which this spirit yet may bow,
Though heaven be smiling o'er me.

Oh ! think that but a single star,
Upon life's stormy sea,

Might guide its fragile bark afar
From every misery ;

Might guide it o'er the raging deep
To some Elysian isle,
Where winter's wrath would never sweep,
But spring for ever smile ;

Where in some fair and fragrant bower,
Beneath that cloudless sky,
Sweet Love would bloom a fadeless flower,
And Beauty never die.

Oh ! may that star that's beaming now
In brightness o'er my way,
Still light me with its placid ray,
Sweet harbinger of day.

Oh ! may it thus for ever burn,
Through life the beacon be,
To which this soul shall fondly turn
With constant ecstasy ;

Till in unfading lustre bright
Shall dawn celestial day ;
And mingle with that guiding light,
My soul's immortal ray.

Natchez, April, 1849.

TO STELLA.

A SABIAN I am—and I ne'er will deny it—
But believe me, sweet girl, in the sense I apply it,
I bow not to sun, nor to moon, nor to Mars,
I look not to heaven, to worship the stars.

Though Venus beams brightest in regions above,
As the queen of devotion, of beauty, and love,
Yet I bow not to planets refulgent so far ; .
Though I worship, indeed, a most beautiful star !

Nor down to the depths of the fathomless sea,
Where heaven's reflected like thine image in me,
Do I dive in devotion, and my orison pay,
Where gems, like thy virtues, turn darkness to day.

Oh ! no, there's a heaven—like the heaven above !
And depths—e'en the depths of devotion and love !
And stars that are beaming as pure and as bright,
As e'er mirrored in ocean, or mantled in night !

Then, sweet girl, believe me, so lovely thou art,
I truly may deem thee of heaven a part—
And I of this earth sure a Sabian may be,
To worship the type of that heaven in thee !

STELLA.

Who is blithe, and who is bonny,
Who is lovelier far than any ?
Whose the cheek that heaven discloses,
Where the tear of love reposes,
Like sparkling dew on blooming roses ?
Speak it softly, softly tell her,
'Tis the modest, blushing Stella !
Who is blithe, and who is bonny,
Who is lovelier far than any !

Who is bright, and who is fairest,
Who's the flower of beauty rarest ?
Whose the mole, and whose the dimple,
Beauty's mark so sweet and simple,
On rosy cheeks without a rimple ?
Whisper softly, softly tell her,
'Tis the mild and gentle Stella !
Who is bright, and who is fairest,
Who's the flower of beauty rarest !

Who is purest, who is dearest,
Who of earth to heaven is nearest ?
Whose the soul with blessings teeming,
Whose the eyes with rapture beaming,
Who's divine and heavenly seeming ?
Breathe it softly, softly tell her,
'Tis the sweet, angelic Stella !
Who is purest, who is dearest,
Who of earth to heaven is nearest !

Natchez, Dec. 1, 1850.

FAREWELL TO STELLA.

THY words did not unheeded fall,
Nor looks unnoticed pass ;
My soul too deeply felt it all,
And more than all, alas !
For never to the too rude touch,
Did leaves of feeling close
With swifter speed ; and feel as much
Of suffering, in repose.

My soul—e'en as that tender plant
That shuns the public view ;
To one small spot confines its want,
Its blessing but the dew—
From 'neath oblivion's sheltering shade,
To astral radiance gave
Those mystic sounds thy magic made,
Like music from the wave !

Thine was the talismanic word
That wakened every lay ;

But thou hast snapped the tenderest chord,
And cast the shell away ;
And never more to Hesper's rays,
Or Vesper's pensive beams,
Shall sweetly swell its mystic lays,
Like music in thy dreams !

But thou wilt beam as bright at morn,
At even's slow decline.
Though ne'er on chords so sadly torn
Thy magic rays may shine ;
Yet sweeter strains may swell to thee
From those that feel as much ;
Who kindle when thy charms they see,
And thrill beneath thy touch !

Burlington, June, 1851.

BEAUTY, LOVE, AND FAME.

I ASK not for the world's applause
To fan the dying flame
That, smouldering 'neath the wreck of hopes,
Once burned for love and fame.

I ask not for unbounded wealth,
Or boons of peerless power,
To rise triumphant o'er mankind,
And rule my destined hour.

Oh ! no, I ask for none of these—
They never can impart
The radiant smile that Beauty gives,
To heal the wounded heart !

That from its wreck dispels the clouds ;
And fans the dying flame,
That warmed the soul by nature turned
To beauty, love, and fame !

Oh ! give me back love's happy dreams
 In Beauty's blooming bowers ;
 When hope entwined her golden locks
 With fancy's fairest flowers ;

When music swelled upon the breeze,
 With fragrance floating by ;
 And Eden seer_____ to earth restored,
 Translated from the sky.

Oh ! give me back love's hopes and fears,
 Its thistles and its flowers ;
 With Beauty smiling through her tears,
 Like springtime through its showers ;

And Hope shall light her torch again,
 At glory's kindling flame ;
 And strike the chord by nature tuned
 To Beauty, Love, and Fame !

Phila., April, 1850.

HEAVEN AND EARTH.

AN ALLEGORY.

I ONCE delighted on the stars to gaze;
To view their brightness, and their beauties praise.
I loved to watch them in their orbits move,
And meet them radiant with the beams of love.
They came, and went, and when no more their rays
Illumed my spirit, and attuned my lays,
I oft would think if still their beaming light,
Shine far away, as lively and as bright.
I could not cease to think of those sweet stars!
Oh! hadst thou seen them through the jealous bars,
That latticed Heaven with its bliss above,
Thou too wouldst praise them, and thou too wouldst
love.

But sorrow came, and o'er their brightness threw
Its sable mantle, and concealed their view;
And then I shunned them, and no more would seek
To show the passion that dared not speak;
But yet, when twilight came, I looked on high,
And still there shone my beauty in the sky!

As sweet and smiling as when first her beam
Awoke the vision of my brightest dream !
Yet far away, and in its sphere above
It moved regardless of my humble love.
And then to earth I turned, with grief away ;
And plucked a flower to adorn my lay ;
But, as I plucked it, still another grew,
Till earth became a heaven to my view ;
And I, enamored with its flow'ry field,
With all the raptures that its charms could yield,
Forsook the heaven for the beauteous earth ;
Forgot my sorrow, and renewed my mirth ;
And thanked my fate, earth's blooming field by far,
Could yield more rapture than the brightest star !

Louisville, Nov. 1851.

TO MISS EDMONIA FIELD.

COULD words, expressed, my thoughts reveal ;
The emotions of my heart,
I then might tell thee all I feel,
And paint thee as thou art.

And by that glowing blush of thine,
Love's photogenic spell,
Shalt thou convey it back to mine,
With all thou hast to tell.

And thus much more than tongue can speak,
Shall soul to soul reply,
By magic blushes of the cheek,
And lightning of the eye!

Louisville, May, 1851.

TO MISS JENNY LIND.

The following verses were occasioned by seeing a paragraph that gave the reason why Miss Lind would not sing in Paris. The substance of which paragraph was, an effort on the part of the person employed to engage her services, to disparage the reputation which she had then recently acquired in Germany; and to impress her with a belief that the sanction of Parisian opinion was essential to her success.

ARISE on high, sweet child of song,
Unto thy native sky ;
For strains like thine to heaven belong,
And were not sung to die.

'Tis thine aloft, with faultless note,
To plume thy peerless flight,
Where seraph songs of rapture float,
The enchantment of delight.

Oh ! not to earth thy spirit came,
To pine for mortal praise,
No ; genius soars aloft to fame,
Transcendent with its rays.

Oh! not to one small spot is bound
The enchantment of thy strain;
No; nations praise the magic sound,
They ne'er shall hear again.

Sweet child of love and peerless song,
Thy notes can never die;
Thy strains to heavenly choirs belong;
Thy home is in the sky!

Thy fame extends far o'er the sea,
Ascends the loftiest goal,
Where music yields her wreath to thee,
The enchantress of the soul!

Louisville, Oct. 1850.

FAME.

AWAY, away, thou ignis fatuus light,
Thou fleeting phantom of the dangerous height,
Where fierce Ambition, with the thirst of fame,
Erects his standard and inscribes his name—
Thou Protean power to lure with every shape ;
To act the cut-throat, or the monarch ape ;
Or Syren-like with song's seductive art,
To cheat the fancy, and enthrall the heart ;
Too long deluded by thy magic power,
The inspiring incense of each Paphian bower,
Thy Sapphic songs in sweetest cadence poured,
I've kneeled with rapture, and in bliss adored.
But, ah ! too cruel, have I learned, though late,
To spurn thy offerings, and thy arts to hate ;
For sweetly coyish as a fair coquette,
Who lures her votary to her artful net,
Thou didst askance with look coquettish gaze,
And still allure me with thy magic rays ;
While I forlorn obsequious sought thee still,
And bowed thy slave, submissive to thy will.

Yet thee the more I sought, thou me the more didst
shun,

And deem thy votary, most unworthy, won.

Now go ! avaunt ! thy tyrant reign is o'er—

Oh ! wealth, but aid me, and I ask no more.

New Orleans, Jan. 1845.

THE REPLY.

THE theme is changed, 'tis now to smile,
And sing a merry lay ;
With cheerful songs my life beguile,
And while my hours away.

Let others struggling up the steep,
Strive for immortal fame ;
And let them too at midnight weep
Their anguish and their shame.

Let stern ambition heap the pile
That avarice can store ;
And vile dishonor add the spoil,
From innocence it tore.

I envy not bright genius' flight ;
Its radiance I adore ;
And hail its triumphs with delight,
On every sea and shore.

For, oh ! the life of Freedom dwells
Within its magic charm ;
E'en where its faintest echo swells
It nerves the patriot's arm.

Beneath Oppression's iron reign,
As powder to the mine,
It bursts the adamantine chain
That checks its flight divine.

Above a nation's stormy strife,
E'en as omniscient will,
It breathes a renovating life,
And bids its waves be still.

And what is stern ambition's aim,
With all its charms, to me ?
What honor, wealth, or titled name,
So that my soul be free ?

I envy not hale Industry,
With persevering Art,
That spreads her sails on every sea,
And frequents every mart.

I gladly see her stately pile,
With graceful columns rise,

Rewarding all her honest toil,
While niggard envy dies.

I gladly see the stores increase,
Of those who till the earth ;
And all the charms of smiling Peace,
Beam blessings on their worth.

Then why should I for wealth, or fame,
With all their cares and pains,
Destroy my peace perchance for shame,
Or health for evil gains ?

No, let me keep what worth can prize,
What heaven bestowed on me ;
A soul that can the vile despise,
Be honest, poor, and free.

Natchez, Nov. 1850.

MY DREAM.

I DREAM by day, I dream by night,
Of Beauty's kindling beam,
My solace bright, my pure delight,
My vision and my theme.

Oh ! let me live, and live and love,
The world is fair before me,
The brightest star that shines afar
Is Venus beaming o'er me.

But here below, the stars that glow,
The fairest of creation,
That brightest shine, with beams divine,
The beauties of a nation,

Are those whose ray illumines the way
That guides the souls to glory,
That death defy, to rise on high,
And stamp their names in story ;

The stars whose light dispels the night,
And gems the soul's deep ocean ;
The elysian sky in woman's eye,
Love's temple of devotion.

Then let me dream of beauty's beam,
The guide to glory given,
That lights the flame that leads to fame,
And lures the soul to heaven !

Phila., Dec. 1849.

TO STELLA.

THE mountains rise between us,
And the rapid rivers flow,
But I will not forget thee,
Wherever I shall go.
The wild bee loves the flower,
And the flower drinks the dew ;
The song-bird seeks its bower,
But my spirit flies to you !

Space and time may sever,
And others may forget,
But thou shalt beam for ever,
As thou art beaming yet.
A rose-bud in its bower,
A pearl dropped in the sea,
Sweet fragrance in the flower,
Oh ! such thou art to me !

I turn unto the twilight,
With the closing beams of day,

And see thee in thy brightness,
 Though thou art far away ;
For heaven robed in beauty,
 Is the expression of thy face !
And the twilight that remains,
 Is thy mirror in its place !

I turn unto the heaven,
 When no longer beams the day,
And see thee in thy brightness,
 Though thou art far away ;
For enthroned within the sky,
 Shines, the brightest in its sphere,
A planet like my Stella
 In her beautiful career !

I gaze upon that planet,
 When the clouds beneath it fly,
And think upon thee, Stella,
 As I watch it in the sky ;
For thus above the tempest,
 And the stormy sea of life,
Beams the brightness of thy beauty,
 Through its darkness and its strife !

Oh ! can I then forget thee,
 Though storms between us sweep ;

Though darkness shroud the heaven,
And tempests toss the deep ?
Oh ! no, I will remember,
Wherever I shall be, th
That still thou art my Stella,
Heaven's beacon unto me !

Natchez, Feb. 1850.

REPLY TO "ABSENCE."

WHAT do with days and hours
Ere thou shalt see my face?
Why twine gay wreaths of flowers,
And put them in my place?

And when the shades of night,
Thy slumbering soul shall keep,
Will come with strange delight,
Bright visions in thy sleep.

Thou'lt rove by rippling rills,
By grottoes bright and green,
Where spring-time clothes the hills,
And beauty paints the scene.

Thou'lt hear the wild bird's song
Swell sweetly down the vale ;
And echoes strange prolong
Its music on the gale.

Where'er thy steps shall tread,
 Bright flowers of every hue,
 Their sweetest scents will shed,
 And blossom to thy view.

And thus thou'lt count the hours
 That bring me back to thee;
 For thou among the flowers
 Wilt fondly dream of me!

Natchez, Nov. 1850.

TO MRS. L**** P***.

(WITH A BOUQUET.)

THESE flowers from the rugged rock,
I've, lady, culled for thee.
They, riven from their parent stock,
In fate resemble me.

Thus sprang my soul to being here,
Amid the forest wild ;
But Mercy, with her pitying tear,
Upon my fortune smiled.

And though these buds in sylvan shade,
Unseen by mortal eye,
With all their brilliant hues might fade,
And wither, droop, and die ;

Their spirits, on the perfumed air,
Would rise to bliss on high ;

And blush with hues immortal there,
The flowers of the sky !

And though no love may clasp me dear
As wild flowers to thy breast,
Yet may my soul so lonely here,
Be cherished by the blest ;

And in the spheres beyond the skies,
My lot more bright may be,
Than those who win with tears and sighs,
Earth's frail felicity.

Then, lady, take the gift I give,
With this my fervent prayer :
That thou on earth mayst happy live,
With more than mortals share.

And when thy charms shall fade away,
And like these flowers die,
Oh ! mayst thou bloom, a bright bouquet,
Translated to the sky !

Lenox, Mass., Aug. 1851.

THE EXPLANATION.

My bonny Jane, I'll not complain,
Of all the wrongs you've done me ;
Ah, had you sight, you'd see aright,
And sweetly smile upon me.

I called not love, and all above,
To witness my devotion ;
While others knelt, I only felt
For thee a fond emotion.

Do not believe I would deceive,
I'm heartless in my dealing ;
For little elf, just like yourself,
My soul is full of feeling.

I only thought 'twas time I ought
To find a peaceful haven ;
But what I brought was badly fraught,
A heart with " grief " engraven.

I did but seek to avoid wreck
 Upon life's stormy ocean ;
And thought the port a safe resort
 From all its fierce commotion.

But, bonny Jane, I'll not complain
 The bark has been rejected ;
It still may ride the troubled tide,
 And be by thee respected.

For thus on high, shall ever fly,
 The colors I've defended ;
Nailed to the mast, unto the last,
 Till life and hope be ended ;

And there unfurled, may read the world,
 My motto and my story ;
An honest name, an honored fame ;
 My fortune, and my glory !

Natchez, May, 1849.

THE CONFESSION.

Yes, I have bowed at many a shrine,
And placed my offering there ;
And deemed my idol was divine,
The fairest of the fair.

And I have waked from happy dreams,
To see the illusion die
Like magic tints of morning beams
Along the eastern sky.

Still fondly to my vision grew
The cherished hope of years ;
While fancy banished from my view,
Love's twilight with its tears.

But clouds are gathering in the west,
The shades of evening close ;
The wild bird flies unto its nest,
And dew-drops deck the rose.

The morning rays will rise again,
And from its nest depart
The warbling bird, with wildest strain,
To glad the joyous heart.

And decked to embrace his early beam,
And all her charms disclose,
Like Beauty wakened from her dream,
Will blush the blooming rose.

But never, to the minstrel's view,
Will morn of hope arise,
And in his heart those strains renew,
That lured him to the skies.

And ne'er again will wakened Love,
With blushing rapture stay,
To hail the rosy hues above,
And listen to his lay.

But in the gathering gloom of life,
That round his vision close,
He'll wrap his mantle for the strife,
And sink into repose.

Perchance amid the wreck of years,
Some ruined fane may rise,

With ivies nursed by Beauty's tears,
And hid from human eyes.

And there some wandering genius led,
By meditation's mood,
May o'er the ruined relic tread
To muse in solitude.

And gazing 'neath the fadeless vine,
Behold a kindred name
Inscribed upon that ruined shrine,
To guide his steps to fame.

Oh ! should his strain transcendent rise,
And as Torquato's soar ;
Re-echoed from his native skies,
And heard on every shore,

Oh ! then the minstrel's soul on high,
Will all his rapture share ;
And soar triumphant to the sky,
To dwell for ever there.

Lex., Oct. 1851.

N O T E S .

N O T E S .

NOTE 1.

Yet Borgne's far greater than that ancient sea,
E'en Maurapas, than raging Galilee.

The Sea of Galilee is only an expansion of the river Jordan ; it is twelve or fourteen miles in length, and six or seven in breadth. The land or plain of Genesareth, upon which were situated the cities of Capernaum, Bethsaida, and Chorazin, borders upon this sea, and is four miles in length and two and a half in breadth. It was upon and about this sea, and in the cities situated upon its borders, that the most of the mighty works of the Saviour were done. It was here that he came to his disciples walking on the sea, and where he rebuked the winds and the sea, and stilled the tempest.

The river Jordan, the fruitful source of poetical imagery to a Jew, surpassed in magnitude not only all the streams of his own country, but, with the single exception of the Nile, is larger than any tributary received by the Mediterranean along the whole extent of its southern coast, from the Atlantic to Mount Lebanon : and yet from its outlet at the Sea of Tiberias or Galilee to its mouth in the Dead Sea, it does not exceed sixty miles in length, and at certain seasons of the year is fordable at many places between these two seas or lakes, and probably enters the Dead Sea with a smaller volume of water than

it receives from the Sea of Tiberias. Four or five miles from the mouth of the river and three and a half in a direct course from the Dead Sea, is the spot where Joshua, with the hosts of Israel, crossed the Jordan; the river here is thirty-five or forty yards wide.

NOTE 2.

To one pursuit, and narrow spot confined,
Was bound the body, and restrained the mind.

The institution of castes, or the division of a people into tribes and families, who were obliged by the laws and superstitions of the country to follow without deviation, the professions and habits of their forefathers, could not fail of impressing the idea of abject servility on the lower classes; and by removing the motive of emulation, must have created in all an apathy and indifference to improvement in their particular profession. The Egyptian community was divided into the following classes: 1. The Sacerdotal order. 2. The Military. 3. The Herdsmen. 4. The Agricultural and Commercial class. 5. The Artificers or Laboring artisans. The employments of all these classes were hereditary, and no man was allowed, by the law, to engage in any occupation different from that in which he had been educated by his parents. It was accounted an honorable distinction to belong either to the *Sacerdotal* or the *Military* class. The other orders were considered greatly inferior in dignity; and no Egyptian could mount the *throne* who was not descended from the *Priesthood* or the *Soldiery*.

NOTE 3.

The ox-god grew and fattened in his stall.

Apis, a sacred bull, worshipped by the Egyptians. Its abode was at Memphis, and it was in this city that peculiar honors were rendered it. The Apis was distinguished from other animals of the same kind by the following characteristics. He

was supposed to be generated not in the ordinary course of nature, but by a flashing from on high ; or, according to others, by the contact of the Moon. As, however, this evidence of his divinity was rather dubious, several external marks were superadded, to satisfy his votaries of his claims to adoration. His color was black, in order that the distinctive marks might the more clearly appear ; these were a square white spot on the forehead, the figure of an eagle on the back, a white crescent on the right side, the mark of a beetle on the tongue, and double hair on the tail. The marks in question which thus stamped his claim to divinity, were of course the contrivance of the priests, though of this the people were kept profoundly ignorant. This animal was regarded with the highest veneration, and more than regal honors were rendered it. He was waited upon, also, by numerous attendants ; a particular priesthood were set apart for him ; stalls were provided, furnished with every convenience, and his food was presented to him in vessels of gold. The annual festival of Apis was celebrated with the utmost splendor. It always began with the rising of the Nile, and presented, for seven successive days, a scene of uninterrupted rejoicing and festivity. During its continuance the god Apis was displayed to the view of the people arrayed in festal attire, his head surmounted with a kind of *tiara*, and his body adorned with embroidered coverings, while a troop of boys accompanied him singing hymns in his praise. When Apis died a natural death, the whole of Egypt was plunged in mourning, from the king to the peasant ; and this mourning continued until a new Apis was found. The deceased animal was embalmed in the most costly manner.

NOTE 4.

Birds, fish, and brutes grew gods ; dogs, cats, and cranes,
The pious objects of the people's pains.

It was remarked by Clemens and Origen that those who visited Egypt approached with delight its sacred groves and

splendid temples, adorned with superb vestibules and lofty porticoes, the scenes of many solemn and mysterious rites. "The walls," says Clemens, "shine with gold and silver and with amber, and sparkle with the various gems of India and Ethiopia; and the recesses are concealed by splendid curtains. But if you enter the penetralia, and inquire for the image of the god for whose sake the fane was built, some attendant on the temple approaches, with a solemn and mysterious aspect, and putting aside the *veil* suffers you to peep in and obtain a glimpse of *the divinity*. There you behold a snake, a crocodile, or a cat, or some other beast, a fitter inhabitant of a cave or a bog, than a temple." It was a capital crime to voluntarily kill any of the *sacred animals*; but if an ibis or a hawk was accidentally destroyed, the author of the deed was often put to death by the multitude, without form of law. At the death of a cat every inmate of the house cut off his eyebrows; but at the funeral of a dog he shaved his head and whole body. The carcasses of all cats were salted, and carried to Bubastus to be interred. Every Nome in Egypt paid a particular worship to the animal that was consecrated to its tutelary god; but there were certain species which the whole nation held in great reverence. These were the ox, the dog and the cat, the hawk, and the ibis; and the fishes termed oxyrhynchus and lepidatus. In each Nome the whole species of animals to the worship of which it was dedicated, was held in great respect; but one favored individual was selected to receive the adoration of the multitude, and supply the place of an image of the god. Among insects, the cantharis scarabeus, or beetle, was very celebrated as an object of worship. Nor was the adoration of the Egyptians confined to animals merely; many plants were regarded as mystical or sacred, and none more so than the lotus. The peach tree, the onion, the leek, and various legumina were held in veneration. The acacia and heliotrope were among the plants consecrated to the Sun. The laurel was regarded as the most noble of all plants. There were thirty-six plants dedicated to the thirty-six genii, or decans, who presided over their portions of the twelve signs of the zodiac.

NOTE 5.

And priests ordained, with stipends vast, to keep
These gods alive—and all mankind asleep.

Every Egyptian priest had to belong to the service of some particular deity; or in other words, to be attached to some temple. Not only was the priestly caste hereditary in its nature, but also the priesthoods of individual deities. Each temple had extensive portions of land attached to it, the revenues of which, belonging, as they did, to those whose forefathers had erected the temple, were received by the priests as matters of hereditary right, and made those who tilled these lands be regarded as their dependants or subjects. They formed not only the ruling caste, and supplied from their number all the offices of government, but were in possession, likewise, of all the learning and knowledge of the land; in a word, they had charge of every department that was in any way connected with learning and science. They were the principal landholders of the country, and besides them, the right of holding lands was enjoyed only by the king and the military caste. A large, if not the largest and fairest portion of the lands of Egypt, remained always in the hands of the priests. To each temple was attached extensive domains—the common possession of the whole fraternity, and their original place of settlement. These lands were let out for a moderate sum, and the revenue derived from them went to the common treasury of the temple, over which a superintendent or treasurer was placed, who was also a member of the sacerdotal body. From this treasury were supplied the wants of the various families that composed the sacred college. The sacerdotal families of Egypt were the richest and most distinguished in the land, and the whole order formed in fact, a highly privileged nobility.

NOTE 6.

In earth above, and earth beneath was stored
With those who cats and crocodiles adored.

"The whole neighborhood of the pyramids is occupied with ancient cemeteries. Many are simple apartments, excavated in the solid rock. Others are deep pits or wells, sunk in the mountain. They are commonly square. One which I examined, was but partially cleared of sand and rubbish, and a number of men were employed in the completion of the work; they had already descended sixty or seventy feet. The pit was at least twenty feet square, excavated in solid rock. Immense quantities of human remains lay scattered in all directions around its mouth, and the bucket came up several times, while we were there, filled with fragments—ribs, thigh-bones, skulls, &c. These pits vary in dimensions, from twenty to five or six feet square. The most numerous and important class of cemeteries in the vicinity of the pyramids is composed of oblong mausolea, constructed of immense blocks of stone. These consist sometimes of several rooms, in which fragments of human skeletons are generally found. In all these mausolea a passage or well exists, leading to the depth of sixty feet or more, where human remains are always found.

"From the top of the pyramid, the spectator looks down upon a great extent of country, stretching north and south, along the edge of the desert; and covered with ancient sepulchral monuments. They are said to extend northward, as far as the pyramids of Dashour, a distance of ten miles! It was the burying ground of old Memphis." On or Heliopolis and Egyptian Babylon, occupied nearly the same site as Memphis, or the present city of Cairo with its 300,000 inhabitants.

NOTE 7.

Would make your creed Procrustes' bed of old.

Procrustes, a famous robber of Attica, who compelled

travellers to lie down on a couch, and, if their length exceeded that of the couch, he lopped off as much of their limbs as would suffice to make the length equal. If they were shorter than the couch, he stretched them to the requisite length.

NOTE 8.

From that far time hid in remotest night.

The profane writers differ immensely from the sacred books in their computations, but particularly in relation to the age of the world. The designations of time in our sacred books are dark, fluctuating, and discordant amongst themselves. Besides, there are several texts of these sacred books, the Hebrew, Samaritan, and the Greek text of the seventy interpreters. All three differ from one another. The chronology of Josephus Flavius has been added to that of the three texts cited, on account of its antiquity and authority; hence we have four different sources or bases for ancient chronology. These have all been carefully investigated, studied, expounded, and compared by later chronologists; recourse has been had also to profane writers, in order to illumine the darkness. In vain! it has become more dense. A great number of scholars, some of whom were also men of genius, have devoted their time and labor to this ungrateful employment; and the consequence is, that we now possess more than a hundred different systems, which differ more than 1400 years from one another. The Babylonians claim an antiquity of 473,000 years; the Egyptians, of 100,000 years; the Scythians, Phrygians, Phenicians, each, more than 100,000 years; the Chinese, 96,961,740 years. Heliopolis was a great city, adorned with magnificent monuments 1700 years before Christ.

NOTE 9.

Swayed councils, kingdoms, armies, with their word;
The mightiest monarch, and the vilest herd.

The importance attached by the Greeks and Romans to

oracular responses, is a striking feature in the history of that people. Hardly any enterprise, whether private or public, of any moment, was undertaken, without recourse being had to them, and their sanction being attained. In latter times, indeed, their influence was greatly diminished, and thus gradually fell into disrepute. Cicero affirms, that long before his age, even the Delphic oracle was regarded by many with contempt; and there is little doubt, that oracles were considered by philosophers as nothing different from what they really were; and by politicians, as instruments that could be used for their purposes. Oracles existed, and were at least occasionally consulted, as late as A. D. 358. About that period they entirely ceased, though for several centuries previous they had sunk very low in public esteem. The Grecian oracles, or at least the most celebrated of them, were of foreign origin; and were established either by Egyptian or Phœnician strangers. What had been wrested by force from the sacerdotal caste was in a great measure regained by the influence of these very oracles on the weak and superstitious. Everything that could tend to keep up a feeling of awe in the visitor was exhibited. The seats of the oracles were established in the bosoms of forests, by the lonely sources of rivers, on wild and craggy mountains, in gloomy caves, but above all, near the mansions of the dead. And, notwithstanding the efforts of philosophy, and the raillery and sarcasm of the comic muse, they succeeded in acquiring a power which often placed in the hands of their expounders the common fortunes of Greece.

NOTE 10.

Surveyed the air, earth, ocean, and the sky;
And saw them all as one harmonious whole,
With God the sovereign and superior soul.

According to the doctrine of the Stoics, the universe contains two principles—the one passive, and the other active. The passive principle is pure matter; the active is reason, or

God, by whose energy all bodies are formed, moved, and arranged. The human soul was believed to proceed from, and at last return into, the divine nature.

NOTE 11.

Where virtue ruled, and deeds of virtue gave
A high distinction to the good and brave.

The Stoics, as the Cynics, assumed an artificial severity of manners, and a tone of virtue above the condition of mankind. Their doctrine of moral wisdom professed to raise human nature to a degree of perfection before unknown. Pythagoras aimed to establish a dominion which he believed to be that of wisdom and virtue; a rational supremacy of minds enlightened by philosophy, and purified by religion.

NOTE 12.

And Discord fierce the wreck of chaos threw
O'er the dark haunts where superstition grew.

Society had sunk, for several centuries after the dissolution of the Roman empire, into a condition of utter depravity. Before the conclusion of the fifth century the Roman empire, in all the west of Europe, was finally overthrown by the barbarous nations from the north, who permanently settled themselves in its fairest provinces, and planted their yoke upon its ancient possessors. From 486 to 613 was a continued succession of scenes of tumult and bloodshed, in which the eye meets with no sunshine, nor can rest upon any interesting spot. It would be difficult to find anywhere more vice or less virtue.

NOTE 13.

Till force supreme o'er force exhausted rose,
And crushed the power of opposing foes;

Then laws tyrannic curbed the savage mind,
While superstition triumphed o'er mankind.

The dominion of the Ostrogoths in Italy was annihilated by Belisarius and Narses, in the sixth century. Not long afterwards, the Lombards subdued the northern parts of Italy, and, extending themselves southward, formed the duchies of Spoleto and Benevento; their kings resided at Pavia. The rest of Italy was governed by exarchs, deputed by the Greek emperor, and fixed at Ravenna. Persecutions by two or three Greek emperors against a favorite superstition, the worship of images, excited commotions throughout Italy, of which the Lombards took advantage, and wrested the exarchate of Ravenna from the Eastern empire. In 754 Pepin conquered the provinces of Romania and the march of Ancona from the Lombards, and conveyed them to the Pope. Charlemagne was crowned emperor in 800; he extended his empire and religion from the Elbe to the Ebro, to the Bohemian mountains, and to the modern frontier of Naples. He beheaded in one day 4000 Saxons, and pronounced the pain of death against those who refused baptism, or even ate flesh during Lent.

NOTE 14.

Small spots of light on earth's benighted sphere,
To make more dark its shrouding pall appear.

Within no period of history has the good ever exceeded the evil, or the enlightened the unenlightened portion of mankind; but civilization and refinement have been but as a spot upon the face of the earth, while ignorance, superstition, oppression, and barbarism have ruled the world from the remotest period of antiquity to the present time. With the exception of the Roman empire, all the great empires of antiquity were limited to that portion of the earth's surface which extends from the Indus to the Nile and the Adriatic sea, and from the borders of Abyssinia to the Danube and the Caspian sea; and within

this area was all that constituted the then known world. Polybius was born about the year 203 B.C.; was present at the taking of Carthage by Scipio; survived the capture of Corinth; lived 82 years; was a man of extensive information, who had travelled much. He has conveyed to us the extent of the geographical knowledge of the ancients at the period of time in which he lived. In speaking of that portion of the earth which was then known to be inhabited, he says:—"Now this consists of three separate parts; Asia, Africa, and Europe. And these are bounded by the Tanais, the Nile, and the straits of the Pillars of Hercules. Between Tanais and the Nile lies Asia; Africa lies between the Nile and the Pillars of Hercules; so that these two countries together possess all the space from east to west, on the southern side of the Mediterranean sea. Opposite to these, on the north side of the same sea, lies Europe, being extended also without any interruption from east to west. The greatest and most considerable part of it is that which occupies all the space between the river Tanais and Narbo, which last place is situated only a small distance west of Marsalia, and those mouths by which the Rhone discharges itself into the Sardinian sea. The Gauls possess the country from Narbo to the Pyrenean mountains, which extend in one continued chain from the Mediterranean sea to the ocean. The rest of Europe, from these mountains westward to the Pillars of Hercules, is bounded partly by the Mediterranean and partly by the ocean. The country which lies along the former, as far as the Pillars of Hercules, is called Spain. But that which is washed by the ocean, having been but lately discovered, has not yet obtained any settled name. But, as it has never yet been known with any certainty whether Ethiopia, which is the place where Asia and Africa meet together, be a continent extending to the south or whether it be surrounded by the sea—so these parts of Europe, likewise, that lie between Narbo and the Tanais, towards the north, have hitherto been quite concealed from our discoveries." Such was the greatest extent of the knowledge of the earth possessed by the ancients previous to the death of Polybius, or 120 years B.C. After a

lapse of 1500 years from that time, it was ascertained that the sea did bound the west of Africa. And only 300 years ago, the earth was first circumnavigated by Magellan. And yet down to the latter period, not more than half of Europe could be called enlightened. An area of civilization less than that of the ancients!

NOTE 15.

There the rude warrior with his bloody creed.

The loose masses of mankind, that, without laws, agriculture, or fixed dwellings, overspread the vast central regions of Asia, have at various times been impelled upon the domain of culture and civilization. Two principal roads connect the nations of Tartary with those of the west and south; the one into Europe along the sea of Azoph and northern coast of the Euxine; the other into Persia across the interval between the Boekharian mountains and the Caspian. Four times, at least, within the period of authentic history, the Seythian tribes have taken the former course, and poured themselves into Europe. The first of these was in the fourth and fifth centuries, when the Roman empire fell to the ground, and the only boundary to barbarian conquest was the Atlantic coast upon the shores of Portugal. The second was when the Hungarians, in the tenth century, extended their ravages to the southern provinces of France. The third was when an attack was sustained from the Mongols under the children of Zengis at the same period as that which overwhelmed Persia. The Russian monarchy was destroyed in this invasion, and for two hundred years lay prostrate under the yoke of the Tartars. As they advanced, Poland and Hungary gave little opposition, and the farthest nations of Europe were appalled by the tempest. But the utmost points of their western invasion were the cities of Lignitz in Silesia and Neustadt in Austria. In the fourth and last aggression of the Tartars, their progress in Europe was hardly perceptible; the Mongols of Timur's army could only boast the

destruction of Azoph, and the pillage of some Russian provinces. TIMUR, the sovereign of these Mongols, and the founder of their second dynasty, which has been more permanent and celebrated than that of Zengis, like former conquerors, TOGRAL BEK and ZENGIS, chose the road through Persia; and, meeting with little opposition from the disordered governments of Asia, extended his empire on one side to the Syrian coast, while on the other it reached to the heart of Hindostan.

NOTE 16.

There the proud chief that rushed from Persia on.

Chosrou Anushirvan was distinguished for his uncommon wisdom and valor. His reign extended from 531 to 579. Under him the Persian empire extended from the Mediterranean to the Indus, from the Iaxartes to Arabia and the confines of Egypt. He waged successful wars with the Indians and Turks, with Justinian and Tiberius, and the Arabians. Under Chosrou II. the Persian power reached its highest pitch. By successful wars he extended his conquests on the one side to Chalcedon, on the other over Egypt to Lybia and Ethiopia, and finally to Zemen. But the fortune of war was suddenly changed by the victorious arms of the emperor Heraclius. Chosrou lost all his conquests, and was made prisoner and put to death by his own son. His reign extended from 591 to 628.

NOTE 17.

There in his pride the prophet-warrior trod.

Of all the revolutions which ever had a permanent influence upon the civil history of mankind, none could so little be anticipated by human prudence as that effected by the religion of the Arabians. If we consider Mohamed only as a military usurper, there is nothing more explicable or more analogous than his success. But as the author of a religious imposture

upon which he had the boldness to found a scheme of universal dominion which his followers were half enabled to realize, it is a curious speculation by what means he could inspire so sincere, so ardent, so energetic, and so permanent a belief. The causes of leading importance that contributed to the progress of Mahomedanism, were:—In the first place, their just and elevated notions of the Divine nature, and of moral duties; next, the artful incorporation of tenets, usages, and traditions from the various religions that existed in Arabia; and thirdly, the extensive application of the precepts in the Koran to all legal transactions, and all the business of life. To these may be added its indulgence to voluptuousness, though this appears to be greatly exaggerated. The people of Arabia, a race of strong passions and sanguinary temper, inured to habits of pillage and murder, found in the laws of their native prophet not a license, but a command to desolate the world, and the promise of all that their glowing imaginations could anticipate of paradise, annexed to all in which they most delighted upon earth.

NOTE 18.

There the bold Norman and the gallant Gaul,
Rushed forth to battle at their Hermit's call.

The third crusade was undertaken by the then three greatest sovereigns of Europe; the Emperor Frederic Barbarossa, Philip Augustus, and Richard Cœur de Lion.

Even before the violation of Palestine by the Saracen arms, it had been a prevailing custom among the Christians of Europe to visit these scenes, rendered interesting by religion, in obedience to the prejudices or commands of superstition. For awhile the Mahomedan possessors of Jerusalem permitted or even encouraged a devotion which they found lucrative. During the eleventh century, when from increasing superstition, and some peculiar fancies, the pilgrims were more numerous than ever, a change took place in the government of

Palestine, which was overrun by the Turkish hordes from the north. These barbarians treated the visitors of Jerusalem with such ferocious insolence, that when the indignities they endured became known throughout Europe, they excited a keen sensation of resentment. The Hermit of Picardy, roused by witnessed wrongs and imagined visions, journeyed from land to land, the Apostle of a Holy War. The preaching of Peter was powerfully seconded by Urban II. Every means was used to rouse an epidemic frenzy; the remission of penance, the absolution of all sins, and the assurance of eternal felicity. False miracles and fanatical prophecies, which were never so frequent, wrought up the enthusiasm to a still higher pitch. And these devotional feelings fell in with every motive that could influence the men of that time; with curiosity, restlessness, the love of license, thirst for war, emulation, ambition. So many crimes and so much misery have seldom been accumulated in so short a time as in the three years of the first expedition. At Jerusalem, the Christians stained the consummation of their triumph with the most atrocious massacre; not limited to the hour of resistance, but deliberately renewed, even after a famous penitential procession to the Holy Sepulchre. It was the penance, commonly imposed upon men of rank for the most heinous crimes, to serve a number of years under the banner of the cross.

NOTE 19.

When the dark storm that ages held its course,
At length exhausted, spent its furious force.

Under Charlemagne, the free proprietors were harassed with endless expeditions, and dragged away to the Black Sea, or the banks of the Drave. Many of them became ecclesiastics, to avoid military conscription. But under the lax government of succeeding times, the dukes and counts were at liberty to play the tyrant in their several territories, of which they were become almost the sovereigns. These were times of great

misery to the people, and the worst, perhaps, that Europe has ever known.

But evils still more terrible than these were the lot of those nations that had been subdued by Charlemagne. Though they appear to us little better than ferocious barbarians, they were exposed to the assaults of tribes, in comparison with which they must be deemed humane and polished. The coasts of Italy were continually alarmed by the Saracens of Africa, who possessed themselves of Sicily and Sardinia, and became masters of the Mediterranean. Between 827 and 878, they twice insulted and ravaged the territory of Rome; and in the tenth century, settled a piratical colony near the maritime Alps.

Much more formidable were the foes by whom Germany was assailed. The Sclavonians, whose language is still spoken throughout the half of Europe, occupied the countries of Bohemia, Poland, and Pannonia. But at the end of the ninth century, a Tartar tribe, the Hungarians, overspread that country, which has since borne their name, and brought dreadful reverses upon Germany. All Italy, all Germany, and the south of France, felt the scourge; till Henry the Towler and Otho the Great drove them back within their own limits.

If any enemies could be more destructive than these Hungarians, they were the pirates of the north, the Normans and Danes. In 787, they began to infest England; soon afterwards, they ravaged the coasts of France, but were repelled by Charlemagne. But in 888, they laid siege to Paris, and committed the most ruinous devastations on the neighboring country. The rich monasteries that had stood unharmed amid the havoc of Christian war, were overwhelmed in the storm. At length Charles the Simple, in 918, ceded a great province to them, which has derived from them the name of Normandy. See also Notes 12, 13, 15.

NOTE 20.

Colleagued with princes, and upheld by law,
It forced submission where it failed to awe ;
And conquered nations, 'neath its tyrant sway,
Saw freedom perish, reason's self decay.

Louis IX. governed France for nearly half a century, and raised the influence of the monarchy to a much higher pitch than the most ambitious of his predecessors. But his principal weakness was superstition. No one was ever more impressed with a belief in the duty of exterminating all enemies to his own faith. With these he thought no layman ought to risk himself in the perilous ways of reasoning, but to make answer with his sword, as stoutly as a strong arm and a fiery zeal could carry that argument. He suffered a hypocritical monk to establish a tribunal at Paris for the suppression of heresy, where many innocent persons suffered death.

About the middle of the twelfth century, certain religious opinions, exceedingly adverse to those of the Church, began to spread over Languedoc. Those who bore them, bore the name of Albigeois, though they were in no degree peculiar to the district of Albi. These opinions made continual progress ; till Innocent III., in 1198, despatched commissaries, the seeds of the Inquisition, with ample powers both to investigate and to chastise. Upon the assassination of one of the inquisitors, Innocent published a crusade, both against the Count of Toulouse, and his subjects. A prodigious number of knights, led partly by ecclesiastics, and partly by some of the first barons of France, undertook this enterprise. It was prosecuted with every atrocious barbarity which superstition, the master of crimes, could inspire. Languedoc, a country for that age flourishing and civilized, was laid waste by these desolators, her cities burned, her inhabitants swept away by fire and the sword. At the storming of Beziers, 15,000, or according to some narrations, 60,000 persons were put to the sword ; not a living soul escaped. It was here that a Cistercian monk, who

led on the Crusaders, answered the inquiry, how the Catholics were to be distinguished from the heretics? "Kill them all! God will know his own."

NOTE 21.

And thus by intrigue, and by subtle art
She rose to power, and her lion's part.

It ought always to be remembered that ecclesiastical, and not merely papal, encroachments are what civil governments, and the laity in general, have had to resist. The latter rose out of the former, and perhaps were in some respects less objectionable. But the true enemy is what are called high church principles, be they maintained by a pope, a bishop, or a presbyter.

The ninth century was the age of the bishops, as the eleventh and twelfth were of the popes. It seemed as if Europe was about to pass under as absolute dominion of the hierarchy as had been exercised by the priesthood of ancient Egypt, or the druids of Gaul.

At the irruption of the northern invaders into the Roman empire they found the clergy already endowed with extensive possessions. Passing rapidly from a condition of distress and persecution to the summit of prosperity, the church degenerated as rapidly from her ancient purity, and forfeited the respect of future ages in the same proportion as she acquired the blind veneration of her own. The devotion of the conquering nations, as it was less enlightened than that of the subjects of the empire, so was it still more munificent. They left, indeed, the worship of Hesus and Taranis in their forests; but they retained the elementary principles of that and of all barbarous idolatry, a superstitious reverence for the priesthood, and a confidence in the efficacy of gifts to expiate offences. Many of the peculiar and prominent characteristics in the faith and discipline of these ages appear to have been either introduced or sedulously promoted for purposes of sordid fraud. To those purposes conspired the veneration for relics, the worship

of images, the idolatry of the saints and martyrs; but, above all, the doctrine of purgatory, and masses for the relief of the dead. In imitation of the Jewish law the payment of tithes was recommended and enjoined. These, originally confined to predial or the fruits of the earth, were extended, about the year 1200, to every species of profit, and to the wages of every kind of labor.

The payment of tithes was first enjoined by the canons of a provincial council in France, near the end of the sixth century. From the ninth to the end of the twelfth, or even later, it was continually enforced by similar authority. Most of the sermons preached about the eighth century inculcate this as a duty, and even seem to place the summit of Christian perfection in its performance.

The persons as well as the estates of ecclesiastics were secure from arbitrary taxation in all the kingdoms founded upon the ruins of the empire. The first eminent instance of a general tax required from the clergy was the famous Saladin tithe; a tenth of all movable estate imposed by the kings of France and England upon all their subjects, with the consent of their great councils of prelates and barons, to defray the expenses of their intended crusade. Innocent III. imposed, in 1199, upon the whole church, a tribute of one fortieth of movable estate, to be paid to his own collectors; but strictly pledging himself that the money should only be applied to the purposes of a crusade. This crusade ended in the capture of Constantinople. The word had lost much of its original meaning, or rather that meaning had been extended by ambition and bigotry. Gregory IX., quarrelling with the Emperor Frederic concerning his temporal principality, preached a crusade against him, and taxed the church of England to carry it on. After some opposition the bishops submitted; and from that time no bounds were set to the rapacity of papal exactions. These gross invasions of ecclesiastical property produced a general disaffection towards the court of Rome. The reproach of venality and avarice had been confined in earlier ages to particular instances not affecting the bulk of the

Catholic church. But pillaged upon every slight pretence, without law, and without redress, the clergy came to regard their once paternal monarch as an arbitrary oppressor. All writers of the thirteenth and following centuries complain in terms of unmeasured indignation, and seem almost ready to reform the general abuses of the church. They distinguish, however, clearly enough, between abuses which oppressed them and those which it was their interest to preserve, nor had the least intention of waiving their own immunities and authority.

The acquisition of wealth by the church was hardly so remarkable, and scarcely contributed so much to her greatness, as those innovations upon the ordinary course of justice which fell under the head of ecclesiastical jurisdiction and immunity.

The bishops alone were acquainted with the art of writing, and they were intrusted with political correspondence, and with the framing of the laws. They alone knew the elements of a few sciences; and the education of the royal families devolved upon them as a necessary duty. As captive Greece is said to have subdued her Roman conqueror, so Rome, in her own turn of servitude, cast the fetters of a moral captivity upon the fierce invaders of the north.

NOTE 22.

A higher law within their realms arise
That thrones could shackle, and their threats despise.

Excommunication was originally nothing more in appearance than the exercise of the right which every society claims—the expulsion of refractory members from its body. Gradually, as the church became more powerful and more imperious, excommunications were issued upon every provocation, rather as a weapon of ecclesiastical warfare than with regard to its original intention. Everywhere the excommunicated were debarred a regular sepulture. They were to be shunned, like men infected with leprosy, by their servants, their friends, and their

families. In some instances a bier was set before the door of an excommunicated person, and stones were thrown at his windows. But as excommunication, which attacked only one, and perhaps a hardened sinner, was not always efficacious, the church had recourse to a more comprehensive measure. For the offence of a nobleman, she put a county; for that of a prince, his entire kingdom under an interdict, or suspension of religious offices. No stretch of her tyranny was, perhaps, so outrageous as this. During an interdict the churches were closed, the bells were silent, the dead unburied, no rite but those of baptism and extreme unction performed. The penalty fell upon those who had neither partaken nor could have prevented the offence; and the offence was often but a private dispute in which the pride of a pope or a bishop had been wounded. This was the mainspring of the machinery which the clergy set in motion; the lever by which they moved the world. From the moment that these interdicts and excommunications had been tried, the powers of the earth might be said to have existed only by sufferance.

The noonday of papal dominion extends from the pontificate of Innocent III., inclusively, to that of Boniface VIII., or through the thirteenth century. Rome inspired, during this age, all the terror of her ancient name. She was once more the mistress of the world, and kings were her vassals. This general supremacy derived material support from the promulgation of the canon law. Next to the canon law may be reckoned the institution of the mendicant orders among those circumstances which principally contributed to the aggrandizement of Rome; as did also the pope's prerogative of dispensing with ecclesiastical ordinances. The most important and mischievous species of dispensation was from the observance of promissory oaths. Two principles are laid down in the decretals; that an oath disadvantageous to the church is not binding; and that one extorted by force was of slight obligation, and might be annulled by ecclesiastical authority. The first of these maxims gave a most unlimited privilege to the popes of breaking all faith of treaties which thwarted their

interest or passion—a privilege which they continually exercised; the second was equally convenient to princes weary of observing engagements towards their subjects or their neighbors. But the period when the spirit of papal usurpation was most strikingly displayed was the pontificate of Innocent III. In each of the three leading objects which Rome had pursued, independent sovereignty, supremacy over the Christian church, control over the princes of the earth, it was the fortune of this pontiff to conquer. He says, “As the sun and the moon are placed in the firmament, the greater as the light of the day, and the lesser, of the night, thus are there two powers in the church: the pontifical which, as having charge of the souls, is the greater, and the regal, which is the lesser, and to which the bodies of men only are trusted.” He declares the pope’s immediate authority to examine, confirm, anoint, crown, and consecrate the elect emperor, provided he shall be worthy; or to reject him, if rendered unfit by great crimes; in default of election to supply the vacancy; or, in the event of equal suffrages, to bestow the empire upon any one at his discretion. Boniface, in one bull, declares the church is one body, and has one head. Under its command are two swords, the one spiritual and the other temporal; that to be used by the supreme pontiff himself, this by kings and soldiers, by his license, and at his will. But the lesser sword must be subject to the greater, and the temporal to the spiritual authority. He concludes by declaring the subjection of every human being to the see of Rome to be an article of necessary faith. In another decree he declares that by divine permission he rules the world.

NOTE 23.

Till vice engendered brought its fatal foes.

After that enormous privilege which the Roman pontiffs assumed, of disposing of crowns, and of releasing nations from their oaths of allegiance, the most pernicious to society was that of absolving individuals from the ties of moral duty. This

dangerous power, or one equivalent to it, the pope claimed as the successor of St. Peter, and the keeper of the spiritual treasury of the church, supposed to contain the superabounding good works of the saints, together with the infinite merits of Jesus Christ. Out of the inexhaustible storehouse of superabundant merit, his holiness might retail at pleasure portions to those who were deficient. He assumed and directly exercised the right of pardoning sins; which was, in other words, granting permission to commit them. Dispensations were frequently granted even before the commission of a sin. The influence of such indulgences upon morals may be easily imagined, especially in ages when superstition had silenced the voice of conscience, and reason was bewildered in Gothic darkness; when the church had everywhere provided sanctuaries which not only screened from the arm of the civil magistrate persons guilty of the greatest enormities, but often enabled them to live in affluence. A man could purchase for a shilling an indulgence for the most enormous and unheard of crimes, and by it be restored to that innocence and purity which he possessed at baptism, so that, when he should die, the gates of punishment would be shut, and the gates of the paradise of delight be opened. The sale of indulgences in Germany were publicly retailed in alehouses, and the produce of particular districts farmed out in the manner of a toll or custom. Luther preached against indulgences and other abuses, and appealed to reason and scripture for the truth of his arguments. From abuses he proceeded to usurpations; from usurpations to errors; and from one error to another till the whole fabric of the Romish church began to totter. Being excommunicated, he declaimed against the tyranny and usurpations of the court of Rome with greater vehemence than ever, exhorted all Christian princes to shake off such an ignominious yoke, and boasted of his own happiness in being marked out as the object of ecclesiastical indignation, because he had ventured to assert the rights of religion and the MENTAL LIBERTY OF MANKIND. Zwinglius, a canon of Zurich, advanced with more daring and rapid steps to overturn the whole fabric of the established

religion; and the pope's supremacy was soon denied in the greater part of Switzerland.

Henry VIII., having been educated in a superstitious veneration for the Holy See, dreaded the reproach of heresy, and abhorred all alliance with the Lutherans, the chief opponents of the papal power, because Luther, their apostle, had handled him roughly in an answer to his book in defence of the Romish communion. But having failed in obtaining from Clement VII. a divorce from Catharine, he resolved to administer ecclesiastical affairs without having further recourse to Rome. He ordered a parliament, together with a convocation, to meet, in which he was acknowledged the Protector and Supreme Head of the Church and Clergy of England. Cranmer, archbishop of Canterbury, annulled, soon after, his marriage with Catharine. But the pope, enraged, pronounced the marriage valid, and declared the king excommunicated. The rupture with England was thus rendered final. The English parliament assembled soon after this decision of the court of Rome, and conferred on the king the title of "*The only supreme* Head of the Church upon earth." But England, thus released from the oppressive jurisdiction of the pope, was far from enjoying religious freedom. Liberty of conscience was, if possible, more confined than ever. He prescribed his own dogmas as articles of religious faith, and all who differed from him were equally the objects of his vengeance. Although he punished both Protestants and Catholics, his most dangerous enemies, he was sensible, were the zealous adherents to the ancient religion. He therefore resolved to suppress the monasteries as so many nurseries of rebellion as well as of idleness, superstition, and folly; and to put himself in possession of their ample revenues. Commissioners appointed to examine all religious houses brought reports of such frightful disorders, lewdness, ignorance, priestcraft, and unnatural lusts, as filled the nation with horror against institutions held sacred by their ancestors, and lately the objects of most profound veneration. Three hundred and seventy-six of the lesser monasteries were at once suppressed, and their revenues granted to the king. This dis-

solution of the lesser monasteries, and the imminent danger of the rest, bred discontent among the people. The Roman religion, suited to vulgar capacities, took hold of the multitude by powerful motives: they were interested for the souls of their forefathers, which they believed must now lie during many ages in the torments of purgatory, for want of masses to relieve them. The expelled monks wandered about the country, encouraging these prejudices to rouse the populace to rebellion. But by prudent measures tranquillity was restored with little effusion of blood; and the better to reconcile the minds of the people to this innovation, the impostures of the monks were zealously brought to light. Among the sacred repositories of convents were found the parings of St. Edmund's toes; some coals that roasted St. Lawrence; the girdle of the blessed Virgin, shown in eleven different places; two or three heads of St. Ursula; and part of St. Thomas of Canterbury's shirt; a miraculous crucifix, the eyes, lips, and head of the image of which moved on the approach of its votaries. The springs and wheels by which it had been secretly moved were shown to the whole people. The shrine of St. Thomas à Becket, commonly called St. Thomas of Canterbury, was destroyed. So superstitious was the veneration for this saint, that it appeared, in one year, not a penny had been offered at God's altar; at the Virgin's only four pounds, one shilling, and eightpence; but at that of St. Thomas nine hundred and fifty pounds, six shillings, and threepence.

NOTE 24.

The first faint gleam of buried reason broke,

Many ages elapsed during which no remarkable instance appears of a popular deviation from the prescribed line of belief. But from the twelfth century an inundation of heresy broke in upon the church, which no persecution was able thoroughly to repress, until it finally overspread half the surface of Europe. From the very invectives of their enemies, and

the acts of the Inquisition, it is manifest that almost every shade of heterodoxy was found among these dissidents, till it vanished in a simple protestation against the wealth and tyranny of the clergy.

The ecclesiastical history of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries teems with new sectaries and schismatics, various in their aberrations of opinion, but all concurring in detestation of the established church. Fostered by the general ill-will towards the church, the principles of Wickliffe made vast progress in England; and, unlike those of earlier sectaries, were embraced by men of rank and civil influence. From England the spirit of religious innovation was propagated in Bohemia, where John Huss, without embracing all the doctrinal system of Wickliffe, but exciting greater attention by his constancy and sufferings, as well as by the memorable war which his ashes kindled, was even more eminently the precursor of the Reformation. The tendencies of religious dissent in the four ages before the Reformation appear to have generally conduced towards the moral improvement of mankind.

The sensible decline of the papacy is to be dated from the pontificate of Boniface VIII., who strained its authority to a higher pitch than any of his predecessors. About the beginning of the fourteenth century (1305), the papal chair was removed to Avignon, where it remained for more than seventy years. About the middle of this century (1338) Germany became emancipated from the thralldom of the Roman see, and some of those who were actively engaged in the transactions that accomplished this, took more extensive views, and assailed the whole edifice of temporal power which the Roman see had been constructing for more than two centuries. Several men of learning investigated the foundations of this superstructure, and exposed their insufficiency. Literature also began to assert her birthright of ministering to liberty and truth. These opponents at last taught mankind to scrutinize what had been received with implicit respect, and prepared the way for more philosophical discussions. About this time, also, a part of the Franciscan order rose up against the rule of the church, pro-

claimed aloud its corruptions, and fixed the name of Antichrist upon the papacy—all which events had a material tendency both to depress the temporal power of the papacy, and to pave the way for the Reformation.

NOTE 25.

When bigot zeal, and faith, with passion blind,
Essayed to conquer and control mankind.

When Edward VI. died, at the age of sixteen, and Mary succeeded to the throne, an entire change took place both in men and measures. They who had languished in confinement were elevated to the helm of power, and intrusted with the government of the church, as well as of the state. The Catholic bishops were restored to their sees, and admitted to the queen's favor and confidence; while the most eminent Protestant prelates and zealous reformers were thrown into prison. A Parliament was procured entirely conformable to the sentiments of the court. All the statutes of Edward VI., respecting religion, were repealed. The queen sent assurances to the Pope of her earnest desire to reconcile herself and kingdom to the Holy See, and requested that Cardinal Pole might be appointed legate for the purpose of performing that pious office. Upon Pole's arrival in England, with legatine power from the Pope, both houses of Parliament voted an address to Mary and Philip, acknowledging that the nation had been guilty of a most horrible defection from the true church; declaring their resolution to repeal all laws enacted to the prejudice of the Romish religion; and praying their Majesties, happily unaffected with that criminal schism, to intercede with the Holy Father for the absolution and forgiveness of their penitent subjects. The legate, in the name of his Holiness, gave the parliament and kingdom absolution, freed them from all ecclesiastical censure, and received them again into the bosom of the church.

In consequence of this reconciliation, the punishment by

fire was rigorously employed against the most eminent reformers, and many persons of all ages, sexes, and conditions, were committed to the flames. It would be endless to enumerate all the cruelties practised in England during this bigoted reign; near three hundred persons having been brought to the stake, in the first rage of persecution. Human nature appears on no occasion so detestable, and at the same time so absurd, as in these religious horrors which sink mankind below infernal spirits in wickedness, and beneath brutes in folly; and prove that no human depravity can equal revenge and cruelty inflamed by theological hate.

NOTE 26.

Still raged the storm, while persecution's howl
Was heard afar.

Philip, immediately after concluding the treaty of Chateau Cambresis (1559), commenced a furious persecution against the Protestants in Spain, Italy, and the Low Countries. That violent spirit of bigotry and tyranny by which he was actuated, gave new edge even to the cruelty of priests and inquisitions. In his unrelenting zeal for orthodoxy he spared neither age, sex, nor condition. He appeared with an inflexible countenance at the most barbarous executions; and he issued rigorous orders for the prosecution of heretics, even in his American dominions. The limits of the world seemed only enlarged to extend human misery. Having founded his deliberate tyranny on maxims of civil policy, as well as on principles of religion, he made it evident to all his subjects that there was no means of escaping the severity of his vengeance, except by the most abject compliance, or obstinate resistance. And by thus placing himself at the head of the Catholic party, the determined champion of the Romish church, he everywhere converted the zealots of the ancient faith into partisans of Spanish greatness.

In Scotland the leaders of the congregations became absolute masters of the kingdom. They established the Presbyterian

form of worship, abolished the Papal jurisdiction in Scotland, and prohibited the exercise of religious worship according to the rites of the Romish church, under the penalty of forfeiture of goods for the first act of disobedience, banishment for the second, and death for the third. They committed furious devastation on the sacred buildings, which they considered as dangerous relics of idolatry; laying waste everything venerable and magnificent that had escaped the storm of popular insurrection. Abbeys, cathedrals, churches, libraries, records, and even the sepulchres of the dead perished in one common ruin.

In France, an affray between the retinue of the Duke of Guise and some Protestants, in which sixty of the latter were slain, threw that whole kingdom into commotion. The Protestants were alarmed at this massacre, and assembled in arms under Condé, Coligny, and Audelot, their most distinguished leaders. Fourteen armies were levied and put in motion in different parts of France. Each province, each city, each family was distracted by intestine rage and animosity. The father was divided against the son, brother against brother; and women themselves, sacrificing their humanity as well as their timidity to the religious fury, distinguished themselves by acts of valor and cruelty. Wherever the Protestants prevailed, the images were broken, the altars pillaged, the churches demolished, the monasteries consumed with fire; and where success attended the Catholics they burned the bibles, re-baptized the infants, and forced married persons to pass anew through the ceremony. Plunder, desolation, and bloodshed attended equally the triumph of both parties. Such was the condition of France in 1562, and such it continued to be to the end of the century, during which period coalitions were formed for the most fiendish purposes; and base assassinations and cold-blooded massacres were committed without remorse. A Catholic league, impiously called the Holy League, was formed for the extermination of the Huguenots in France, the Protestants in the Low Countries, and the extinction of the Reformed religion throughout all Europe. The massacre on St.

Bartholomew's day occurred, in which ten thousand persons of the Protestant party perished in Paris. A like carnage ensued at Rouen, Lyons, Orleans, and several other cities. Sixty thousand Protestants are supposed to have been massacred in different parts of France. At Rome, and in Spain, the massacre of St. Bartholomew was the subject of public rejoicing; and solemn thanks were returned to God for its success, under the name of the triumph of the Church Militant.

The holy assassination, so peculiar to this period, proceeded from the fanatical application of certain passages in the Old Testament to the conjunctures of the times. Enthusiasm taught both Catholics and Protestants to consider themselves as the peculiar favorites of heaven, and as professing the only true religion; and while impelled by their own vindictive passions, by personal animosity or party zeal, to the commission of murder, they imagined they heard the voice of God commanding them to execute vengeance on his and their enemies.

NOTE 27.

From India's shore to Andes' towering steep
Mankind were taught to tremble and to weep.

Nearly at the same period of time that Columbus was guiding Spain to America, De Gama was guiding Portugal to India; and about the same time that Cortes was bearing in bloody triumph the standard of his country to the capital of Mexico, Albuquerque was successfully directing the terrors of the Portuguese power against the potentates of India and Arabia. All of which events happened between the years 1491 and 1515.

NOTE 28.

For what thy strength on Chalons' sanguine plain
Heaped high the piles, and hecatombs of slain.

It is supposed that it was near Chalons that Charles Martel

overthrew the power of the Saracens, when they had carried the terror of their arms from the Straits of Gibraltar to the banks of the Loire, and threatened the conquest of all Christendom.

NOTE 29.

Still regal rule from force superior free
Bowed nations down in abject slavery.

Henry the Eighth was, in power and dignity, the third prince of the period in which he lived. His friendship was eagerly courted by Charles the Fifth and Francis the First. He was the natural guardian of the liberties of Europe. He knew it to be his interest to keep the balance even between the contending powers; but he was seldom able to reduce his ideas to practice; he was governed by caprice more than principle; the passions of the man were ever an overmatch for the maxims of the king. Vanity and resentment were the great springs of all his actions. He changed the national religion, and, in a great measure, the spirit of the laws of England. He perpetrated the most enormous violence against the first men in the kingdom; he loaded the people with oppressive taxes, and he pillaged them by loans. The parliament was the prime minister of his tyrannical administration. It authorized his oppressive taxes, and absolved him from the payment of his debts; it gave its sanction to his most despotic and sanguinary measures—measures that would have aroused the spirit of a free nation to assert the rights of humanity and give law to the tyrant's power; or have aroused some soul more noble than the rest to rid the world of such a scourge by carrying vengeance to his heart.

NOTE 30.

Thus armed with strength of heaven, earth, and hell,
Oppression rose, the Hierarchy that fell.

Nothing so strongly distinguished the Church of England

from other churches, as the relation in which she stood to the monarchy. The king was her head. What Henry and his counsellors meant by the supremacy, was certainly nothing less than the whole power of the keys. The king was to be the pope of his kingdom, the vicar of God, the expositor of catholic verity, the channel of sacramental graces. He arrogated to himself the right of deciding dogmatically what was orthodox doctrine and what was heresy, of drawing up and imposing confessions of faith, and of giving religious instruction to his people. He proclaimed that all jurisdiction, spiritual as well as temporal, was derived from him alone, and that it was in his power to confer the episcopal character, and to take it away. He actually ordered his seal to be put to commissions by which bishops were appointed, who were to exercise their functions during his royal pleasure. According to this system, as expounded by Cranmer, the king was the spiritual as well as the temporal chief of the nation. As he appointed civil officers, so he appointed divines of various ranks. The king—such was the opinion of Cranmer—might, in virtue of authority derived from God, make a priest; and the priest so made needed no ordination whatever.

Elizabeth was intrusted by parliament with the office of restraining and punishing heresy and every sort of ecclesiastical abuse, and was permitted to delegate her authority to commissioners. The bishops were little more than her ministers. By the royal authority alone her prelates were appointed. By the royal authority alone her convocations were summoned, regulated, prorogued, and dissolved. Without the royal sanction the canons of the English Church had no force. One of the articles of faith was, that without the royal consent no ecclesiastical council could lawfully assemble. From all judicatures of the English Church an appeal lay, in the last resort, to the sovereign, even when the question was whether an opinion ought to be accounted heretical, or whether the administration of a sacrament had been valid

NOTE 31.

The subtle tyrants that upheld his creed
And due submission unto kingly sway,
With solemn farces, taught unto the lay.

It was during the reign of James I., at the very time when a republican spirit began to manifest itself strongly in parliament and in the country, that those strange theories which Filmer afterwards formed into a system, and which became the badge of the most violent class of Tories and High-churchmen, first emerged into notice.

It was gravely maintained that the Supreme Being regarded hereditary monarchy, as opposed to other forms of government, with peculiar favor; that the rule of succession in order of primogeniture was a divine institution, anterior to the Christian and even to the Mosaic dispensations; that no human power, not even that of the whole legislature, no length of adverse possession, though it extended to ten centuries, could deprive the legitimate prince of his right; that his authority was necessarily always despotic; that the laws by which, in England and in other countries, the prerogative was limited, were to be regarded merely as concessions which the sovereign had freely made and might at his pleasure resume; and that any treaty into which a king might enter with his people was merely a declaration of his present intentions, and not a contract of which the performance could be demanded.

NOTE 32.

Thus rose again, but in a different form,
The subtle power that produced the storm.

Upon the death of Henry VIII. (1547), Edward VI. being only nine years of age, the Duke of Somerset was invested with regal power under the title of Protector. The reformers having become by far the most numerous and respectable body of men in the kingdom, Somerset, now freed from restraint, discovered

his intentions of correcting all abuses in the ancient religion, and of adopting still more of the Protestant innovations. In his schemes for advancing the Reformation, he had always recourse to the counsels of Cranmer.

Thomas Cranmer was the representative of both the parties which at that time needed each other's assistance. He was at once a divine and a statesman. In his character of divine he was perfectly ready to go as far in the way of change as any Swiss or Scotch reformer. In his character of statesman he was desirous of preserving that organization which had during many ages admirably suited the purposes of the bishops of Rome, and might be expected to serve equally well the purposes of the English kings and their ministers. His temper and his understanding eminently fitted him to act as mediator. Sainly in his professions, unscrupulous in his dealings, zealous for nothing, bold in speculation, a coward and a timeserver in action, a pliable enemy and a lukewarm friend, he was in every way qualified to arrange the terms of the coalition between the religious and the worldly enemies of Popery. From their counsels resulted the establishment of the Protestant religion in England. The fabric of the secular hierarchy was left and maintained entire; and the distinctive habits of the clergy, according to their different ranks, were continued. The form of worship was established by parliament in all the churches, and ordered to be observed in all the rites and ceremonies.

NOTE 33.

'Twas royal rule from priestly thralldom free,
That in that strife had gained its liberty.

No secular prince had as yet embraced the new opinions; no change in the established forms of worship had been introduced, nor any encroachments made upon the possessions or jurisdiction of the clergy. A deep impression, however, was made upon the minds of the people: their reverence for ancient institutions

and doctrines was shaken; and the materials were already scattered which produced the conflagration that afterwards spread over all Europe. Such was the state of the Reformation about the year 1520. But by the tenth year from this period, or 1530, most of the princes of Germany had not only embraced the opinions of Luther, and established in their territories that form of worship which he approved, but had entirely suppressed the rites of the Romish church. Many of the free cities had also imitated their example. Almost one half of the Germanic body had revolted from the papal see. Such was the state of religious matters when Charles resolved upon coercive measures, and issued a decree condemning most of the peculiar tenets held by the Protestants, and prohibiting any one to tolerate those who taught them. In consequence of this decree, the Protestant princes, who considered it as a prelude to the most violent persecutions, assembled at Smalkalde, and concluded a league of mutual defence. Francis I. and Henry VIII. secretly agreed to support them; and Charles, by this event and Soliman's invasion of his dominions, was for the present prevented from attempting the extirpation of heresy by the sword. But in 1546, Charles having concluded a disadvantageous peace with Francis I., and a dishonorable truce with Soliman II., he entered into an alliance with Paul III. for the extirpation of heresy, or, in other words, for opposing the liberties of Germany, under pretence of maintaining the jurisdiction of the Holy See. The pope assembled a general council at Trent, in order to regulate the affairs of religion. But the Protestants refused to acknowledge its legality; for though they had appealed to a general council, they were sensible that this was convoked to condemn, not to examine their opinions; and the substance of Charles's treaty with the pope coming to light, they saw that not only the suppression of the reformed religion, but the extinction of the German liberties was intended, and immediately had recourse to arms. Though they applied in vain for assistance to the republic of Venice, the Swiss cantons, and the kings of France and England, yet they found at home no difficulty in bringing a sufficient force into the field. But

the emperor having allured, by the promise of liberty of conscience, and the prospect of further advantages, some of the Protestant princes voluntarily to enter into his service, he was enabled to crush the confederacy. Having defeated and taken prisoner Frederick, elector of Saxony, and treacherously allured into his power the Landgrave of Hesse, the two greatest princes of the empire, and having humbled all whom he had not attached to his interest, Charles proceeded to exercise the rights of a conqueror. Having taken preliminary steps to intimidate its members, he summoned a diet to meet at Augsburg, "in order to compose finally the controversies with regard to religion;" but the jealousy and interference of the pope prevented from being recognised the authority of the general council which he had taken so much pains to procure. Paul III. dying from affliction and old age, Cardinal de Monte succeeded to the papacy (1550), and assumed the name of Julius III.; and willing to assume to himself the merit of a measure become necessary, and also to ingratiate himself with Charles, who earnestly solicited that a council might be called, he pretended to deliberate, and afterwards issued a bull for the council to reassemble at Trent. In this council the prelates proceeded to determine the great points in controversy. The Protestants were prohibited to teach any doctrine contrary to its decrees, or to the tenets of the Romish church; and on refusing compliance, their pastors were ejected and exiled; such magistrates as had distinguished themselves by their adherence to the new opinions were dismissed; their offices were filled with the most bigoted of their adversaries; the people were compelled to attend the ministrations of priests whom they regarded as idolators, and to submit to the authority of rulers whom they detested as usurpers. These tyrannical measures undeceived Maurice of Saxony, and other Lutheran princes, who, allured by the promise of liberty of conscience and the prospect of further advantages, had assisted the emperor in his war against the confederates of Smalkalde; and he who had perfidiously stripped his nearest relation and benefactor of his hereditary dominions, and been chiefly instrumental in

bringing to the brink of ruin the civil and religious liberties of his country, became the deliverer of Germany. Having secured the protection of the French monarch, Maurice proceeded with great confidence, but equal caution, to execute his plan. Having assembled his army, he published that he took up arms to secure the Protestant religion, to maintain the German constitution, and to deliver the Landgrave of Hesse from the misery of a long and unjust imprisonment. The King of France, in his own name, issued a manifesto in which he styled himself the Protector of the liberties of Germany and its captive princes. Charles was in no condition to oppose such formidable enemies: he was forced to fly as a fugitive, and finally to submit to the treaty of Passau, which set limits to his authority, overthrew the vast fabric which he had employed so many years in erecting, and established the Protestant church in Germany upon a firm and secure basis (1552).

NOTE 34.

Which knowledge lighted and invention gave
A strength too potent, to submit a slave.

About the middle of the fourteenth century, or perhaps a little sooner, an ardent zeal for the restoration of ancient learning began to display itself. About the same time paper began to be used in Europe. We owe the first intelligible text of the Latin classics to Petrarch, Poggio, and their contemporary laborers in this work for a hundred years before the invention of printing. The first to lead the way in restoring also Grecian learning to Europe, were the same men that revived the kindred muses of Latium, Petrarch and Boccaccio. What Petrarch began in the fourteenth century was carried on by a new generation with unabating industry. The whole lives of Italian scholars, in the fifteenth century, were devoted to the recovery of manuscripts, and the revival of philology. But, while the learned of Italy were eagerly exploring their recent acquisitions of manuscripts, a few obscure Germans had gradu-

ally perfected the most important discovery recorded in the annals of mankind—the invention of printing. The first book that issued from the presses of Faust and his associates at Mentz, was an edition of the Vulgate, supposed to have been printed between 1450 and 1455. Classics on an extensive scale were published at Venice in 1470; and during the next ten years a multitude of editions were published in various parts of Italy. They were like a new mechanical power in machinery, and gave a wonderful accelerated impulse to the intellectual cultivation of mankind.

NOTE 35.

Then sects and factions, bound by mutual ties,
 Colleagued together and became allies,
 And dared to differ from established faith.

Many persons in England who were strongly attached to the reform opinions had, during the cruelties of Queen Mary's reign, taken refuge in Switzerland and Germany. They had, during some years, been accustomed to a more simple worship, and to a more democratical form of Church government than England had yet seen. They were little disposed to submit, in matters of faith, to any human authority. They had recently, in reliance on their own interpretations of the scriptures, risen up against a church strong in immemorial antiquity and catholic consent. It was by no common exertion of intellectual energy that they had thrown off the yoke of that gorgeous and imperial superstition; and it was vain to expect that immediately after such an emancipation they would patiently submit to a new spiritual tyranny. Long accustomed, when the priest lifted up the host, to bow down with their faces to the earth as before a present God, they had learned to treat the mass as an idolatrous mummary. Long accustomed to regard the Pope as the successor of the chief of the apostles, as the bearer of the keys of earth and heaven, they had learned to regard him as the beast, the anti-Christ, the

man of sin. It was not to be expected that they would immediately transfer to an upstart authority the homage which they had withdrawn from the Vatican; that they would submit their private judgment to the authority of a church founded on private judgment alone; that they would be afraid to dissent from teachers who themselves had to dissent from what had lately been the universal faith of western Christendom. It is easy to conceive the indignation which must have been felt by bold and inquisitive spirits, glorying in newly acquired freedom, when an institution younger by many years than themselves, an institution which had, under their own eyes, gradually received its form from the passions and interests of a court, began to mimic the lofty style of Rome.

Since these men could not be convinced, it was determined that they should be persecuted. Persecution produced its natural effects on them. It found them a sect, it made them a faction; a faction that finally subverted the monarchy and established a commonwealth upon its ruins.

NOTE 36.

Till the Hun and Albanian roll back the dark flood.

Hunniades was one of the most considerable captains of his age; he contended with and defeated the Turks in 1442, before Belgrade, and in Transylvania. He accompanied Uladislaus to the battle of Varna in 1444, in which the Christian army was entirely defeated, with the death of the king. He drew off the remainder of the forces, and, by his vigor, put himself in a condition to act offensively with success against the Turks. He was declared Governor of Hungary, for the minor King Ladislaus. For a considerable time he was the terror of the Turks, but was at length defeated by them in 1448. In 1456 he defeated a Turkish fleet on the Danube, repulsed Mahomet II. with great slaughter from Belgrade, and compelled him to raise its siege. Not long after this glorious success he was

seized with a fever, of which he died at Zemlin, in Sept. 1456, regarded as the hero of Christendom.

Seanderbeg, born in 1404, was son of John Castroit, Prince of Albania. He was sent by his father as a hostage to Amurath II., and was educated in the Mahomedan religion; and when only eighteen years of age, was placed at the head of a body of troops. After the death of his father in 1432, he formed the design of possessing himself of his principality, and for that purpose made a secret alliance with Hunniades. He defeated the Turks with great loss, recovered Croia, the capital of Albania, ascended the throne of his father, and renounced the Mahomedan religion. He sustained himself against Amurath II., and for eleven years against Mahomet II., his successor, who, in 1461, proposed terms of peace to him, which were accepted. He died in 1467, at the age of 63; and his death was soon followed by the submission of Albania to the Turkish dominion. He was considered by Mahomet II. as his most formidable enemy, and was, undoubtedly, one of the greatest warriors of his time; his enterprise and military skill place him among the ablest and most successful of generals. The Turks gave a singular proof of their admiration of his valor; for when they took Lissa, the place at which he had been interred, they dug up his bones with great respect, and made use of them as relics, set in gold and silver, to be worn about their persons as amulets.

NOTE 37.

By Messenia's chieftain great.

[After Messenia had been subjugated by Sparta, and had for forty years endured her yoke embittered by every circumstance of insult and oppression, Aristomenes arose as the avenger of his country. His character combines all the elements of goodness and greatness, in a degree almost unparalleled among Grecian heroes. Inexhaustible in resources, unconquer-

able in spirit, and resolutely persevering through every extreme of hopeless disaster, an ardent patriot and a formidable warrior, he yet was formed to find his happiness in peace; and after passing his youth under oppression, and his manhood in war against a cruel enemy, he yet retained a singular gentleness of nature.

